

Syr Beuys of Hampton







56
Often lordinges & holde you styl
Of doughty men tell you I wyl
That haue be fir many a flour
And held by englad in honours
That befoze this time hath ben.

By a kynge it is that I meane
Spz Beuis of Hampton the knight hight
That neuer was lyewed a coward in fight
And by his father that hight spz Guy
A goodly knyght and full hardy
And how spz Guy betrayed was
Through his wyfe alas alas
That tyme was Guy of great renolune
Erle he was of South hamptowne
In Chyppendome farre and nere
Of doughtynesse was none his pere
Ne none so hardy ne none so stronge
He loued the right and not the wronge
Whyle spz Guy was yonge and lyght
Knowre he was a doughty knyght
In every land he rode and yede
For to wyne hym pyrce and mede
In feaunce, in flaunders, and in Almaine
In Braban in Cecle and in Brytayne
In Denmarke, Halyce, and Gascoyne
In Hungry, Calabze, and in Burgoyne
In pole, in Normandy, and in Mayne
In Turkye, Sabzante, and in Spayne
In Esklande Norway, and in Wyrcardye
In Scotland, in wales, and in Lumbardye
In Chyppendome, and also in hethenesse
Full well is knowen sir Guyes worthynesse

In all the landes of Chyrtiante
Was none founde so good as he
Whyle he was younge and iolyfe
wolde Syr Guy wedde no wyfe
But whan that he was olde
He waxed feble, croked and colde
Than toke he his leue of chyualry
And dwelled in Englande certaynly
In that tyme kyng Edgar anone
Sente after Syr Guy full soone
For Syr Guy was true and wyse
And knowen for a knyght of pryce
He made hym hys Stewarde of his land
And what so euer he sayde it shoulde stande
He kepte well Englande in his dayes
And set peace and stable layes
That no man was so hardy
To do another bylany
Upon a day thought Syr Guy
That he wolde wedde some fayre lady
And haue betwene them some chyldzen fayre
That of hys lande myght be heyre
The kyng of Skotlande in that tyde
Had a doughter of great pryde
The Emperoures brother of Almayne
Loned that lady as men sayne
And so dyd Guy God him saue
And at her father he dyd her craue
The kyng of Skotlande not for thy
Gave hys doughter vnto Syr Guy
agaynst the wyll of hys doughter byrgh
She had leuer haue had that othyr knyght

2
for he was ponge and bolde
and sy? Cup was waxed olde
Alas that ever he her to hym chose
Hys owne lyfe for her to lose
Sy? Cup wedded that lady fre
and brought her tohome to hys countre
So longe to bedde he her ladde
That a man chylde together they had
Beys they called that chylde bolde
He was no moze but seven yeres olde
whan his father was slayne
wyth sy? Murdure of almayne
That Lady berthougth her vpon a day
and vnto her selfe gan she saye
My lord is olde and may not worthe
all the day he goeth to churche
what for bysypnge and what for age
He loueth not with me to rage
But had I take a younge knyght
That had not ben byrused in fyght
He wold me haue loued both day and nyght
And made me al the myght that he myght
Truly it shall be thus nowhyte
I shall let se him wyth some gyle
after a messenger the Lady sente
That befoze was her frende
And sayde thou shall on my message
Thy selfe alone wythouten page
wyth that thou holde it counsaile
I shall the quyte for thy trauayle
Wha dame he sayde hold you styll
for I shall do all your wyll

A.iii.

The

The lady than was gladde and sayne
So she sayd to Almayne
And grete well fro me hyr Murdure
Brother to the Emperoure
And byd hym in the first day
Of the month of maye
That he in the forest be
Well armed woth hys meyne
Byd hym that it be not leued
But that my lord be there heded
And sende it to me to a present
My lord shall naked to hym be sente
If he me loue that shall I se
Go forth and grete hym thus by me
The messenger to the water yede
Alas the wynde was all for spede
For Almayne he was brought
To the court he wente, he forgot it nought
And asked soone at one and other
Till he came to the Emperours brother
And toke the letter in hande
The lord redde as he there founde
Nowe truly maye I well se
Howe that ladye loueth me
Glader I am yf that I it saye
Than any tongue tell maye
all her wyll that I shall do
Grete her well and saye to her so
Haue here aske for thy trasaple
Woth treasure charged withouten fayle
And yf it stande in mayne and myght
I my selfe shall make the a knyght

The

The messenger thanked him tho
And to England he is go
to Hampton he came sone fere
Of his enemies that there were
and sayd my good lady god thee se
Well syz Murther greteyth thee
Glade he is of thy message
Ful wel he hath quite me mi byage
and certaynly he wyll be prest
with a great hoost in your fozeft
thy lorde to assaile with maine and might
Thy loue to wyne lady bright
whan the messenger had all sayde
the lady helde her well apayde
In the fyrst daye of maye
the lady sayned her speke and laye
She made a man her lorde to call
and sayd an euell dyd her befall
the Erle for her hade sorow and thoughte
and asked her yf she wolde ought
Syz she sayd might I it get
Of a wilde boze laine wolde I eate
Dame he said and loue mine
where might I finde y wilde swyne
that might ones glad thee
Syz in your fozeft bredeth he
Dame he said make good solace
for to that fozeft will I go chase
and he said with treison then
Blessed be thou of all men
the Erle a couler can stryde
his swerde he hanged by his side

There

There myght no man with him ryne
He was the formest man therin
Alas that he had beware
Of his enemies that there were
Whan he came to the focest
He gan chale after the beest
That him herde sy? Murdure
And escheped guy as a traptoure
And pricked out befoze the boost
For pompyng pryde to make great boost
And to sy? guy gan he save
yelde thee traptoure for by my save
thou and thy sonne both dede shalbe
For the loue of my lady free
For I her lotted or thou her knewe
yf thou her boue it shall the rewe
Sy? guy him aunswered with reason
and sayde alas here is treason
yet wyl I so god me mend
Here in mi right me defende
Eythir than other gan despy
than spurred his steede good sy? guy
and smote sy? murder with a spere
Out of his saddle he gan him bere
traytoure he sayd and cowarde vnhold
werest thou though I be olde
that I shoulde of thee be ashamed
with þ? sy? guy his sworde out wraisted
and wolde haue flayne þ? false knight
Had not socoure come full right
Sy? nurdures men hid them so

Against

Against sir Guy they were full thre
 Soutely sir Guy him defende can
 An hundreth he flew with his handes than
 Had he bene well armed ywis
 All the maystry had be his
 By than sir Murdure was horsed agayne
 Syr Guyes horse they had slayne
 Blas his horse was slayne that like bounde
 Sir Guy was felled than to the grounde
 For had his horse liued that tyme
 He had abated all their pryde
 When syr Guy was on fote withouten lesse
 All they can aboute him pryse
 You neuer hard of an olde man etc
 That fought so well as he did there
 Than kneled Guy to sir murdure
 And sayd mercy and succoure
 Sir murdure for the gentry
 Thus cowardly let me not dye
 But lende to me horse armour and helde
 And let me dye here in the felde
 And with the that I do so
 I the forgeue if thou me slo
 Than cryed they all in this wise
 Sle him that he neuer rise
 With that syr murdure to pede
 And smote ther of his heade
 A knight toke his head in honde
 So he sayde and beare this sonde
 To the Countes that is so bright
 And saye I com to her boure this night
 The knight wente to that lady gent

B.1.

3n

And sayd madame haue this presente
My Lozde the it sente for murdure
This night he cometh vnto thy bozre
this gyfte the sayde is lefe to me
And thanked sir murdure of his gentre
and saye I am al at his toyll
Erly and late loude and still
The messenger wente his waye
and tolde his lozde what the did saye

Now toyll toe of ronge Beuis tell
How he was and how him befell
alas he sayde all for tene
That I had not with my father ben
to haue holpen my father in that floure
Agaynst that false thefe for murdure
to his mother he raune and sayde
why halt thou my father betrayde
I toyll be auenged of his bane
alas that euer thou were woman
And all false hozes for thy sake
to the Deuill of hell I them betake
But one othe mother I the swore
If euer I may armes bere
I Chalbe auenged with myght and mayne
On them that haue my father slayne
His mother his wordes vnderstode
and gaue him a bofet vpon the hode
to the grounde he fell that was harme
His mayster toke him vp by the arme
When called his mayster for Sabere
that chylde was to him lefe and bere

for Sabere was syr Gupys brother
In England was not suche another
Home wyth the chyldre Sabere went
The lady than after hym sente
Sabere she sayde for wele or for wo
My sonne Beups loke that thou flo
for I shall neuer glad be
That day that I hym se
Syr Sabere was not wel apayed
But graunted as the lady sayde
Home he went with wordes fetwe
And for a whyle a pygge he setwe
Beups clothes that were so good
He spryncled with the pygges blode
Syr Sabere than all for dyede
Clothed the chyldre in a newe wede
And sayd Beups thou must kepe
Upon the syelde all my wepe
Till the spousage be brought to an ende
And than wylle we to wales wende
There is a Crle sibbe to thee
Thou shalt there dwell and wyth him be
whan thou art bygge armes to bere
And hast strenght barneys to were
Than must thou clarme thine heritage
And auenge thy father be thou of age
Than shall I healpe the for to fighte
wyth dunte of sward to winne the right
Therefore my wepe se thou sooth dyue
That no man knowe thou art on lyue
sooth went Beups wyth Saberes wepe
B. ii. Unto

Unto the felde and soze gan wepe
Whan Beuys was a highe upon the done
He loked bp to South Hampton
And as he behelde toward the toure
Crumpettes he hearde and taboure
Harpinge there was and muche blyss
In the place that shoulde haue ben his
Lorde he sayde of me thou art gouernoure
was I nat an Erls sonne of honoure
I wyll no lenger dwell on this downe
I wyll home to southe Hampton
And wyll se notwe for thy
What Murdure doth wyth that lady
He ranne fast on his gate
Tyll he cam to syz Murdures gate
Porter he sayd take none yll
For into the hall on message I wyll
Fye ribaulde sayd the porter the
Hoxson, har lot home thou go
There was neuer man but he were madde
That wolde no message send surhe a ladde
Hoxson sayd Beuys yf I be one
yet harlot was I neuer none
The shalt neuer straunge man despyse
Haue this he sayd for thy seruise
Suche a stroke he hym gaffe
That the bzayne cloue to the flasse
Beuys into the hall wente
With ragged clothes and newe rente
All aboute he gan beholde
To syz Murdure he spake wordes bolde
Falle thes what dost thou here

why

why hast thou slayne my fathere
 My mother it is that thou hast tane
 wende fourth in the deuys name
 and pf thou dwell agaynst my leue
 I trust to god I shall the geue
 Syr Mordure sayd hold you still
 Thou canst no good but muche yll
 Beues hyt syr Mordure at that woide
 That he towne at the bozde
 Another stroke he smote sadly
 with that the lady be gan to crye
 Then Beups wolde nolenger abyde
 for knightes rose on every syde
 for younge Beups too there was
 They toke him nat but let him passe
 Beuis went home I pon hete
 He mette his mayster a mydde the strete
 what nowc Beups sayd syr Sabere
 for gods sake what doest thou here
 Bete I haue my stepfather
 And slayne I haue hys owne poster
 Than sayd Saber thou art to blame
 There I get bothe harme and shame
 But be tyde what maye betide
 Ones agayne I wpll the hyde
 Sabere him to chaber ledde
 Of the countesse he was a dirdde
 The rountesse wolde neuer blinne
 Till she come to Saberes ynn
 Sabere the sayd where is become
 That uncouth ladde that stronge fel on
 Dame he sayd hi is dead

At þor counsaile and at þour rede
Lo his clothes are all blode
Thou liest she sayd as she wer woode
But thou me that lade take
Thou shalt suffre for hys sake
Beuys heard that she him thrette
To her he lept woth hert greatte
And sayd to her dame
Do my maister for me no shame
The lady sayd thou art bolde
Howe to me thy lyfe is solde
Sabere another knyght
She called to her anone ryght
Hym to them betoke she
And bad them cast hym into the see
And cast the bope amyddes the streame
And Sabere thoughe thou be his eme
But yf thou dzowne that glotton
Thou shalt aby for that treason
Gladly my lady certayne sayd he
The chyld they led vnto the see
They wolde not dzowne him for ought
But another thinge they haue thought
They founde wyppes both moze and lesse
Of paynymes and of hethenelle
They solde the chyld woth muche thought
And to the paynims Beuys they raught
Beuys harte waxed all colde
For he was to the paynims solde
But all hym lyst for to rage
ouer they made good hyage
They sayle the dyctwe the wynde was good
They

They sayled forth as they were woode
till they came to the ryny
Into the lande of armony
the kynge Ermine of the lande
His wife was dead I vnder stande
He had a daughter fayre and bryght
Iosian that fayre mayde bight
Her visage was white as lilly floure
therin ran the rede coloure
with bryght browes and eyes grene
with heare as golde wyre on the grene
with a comly nose and lippes swete
with louely mouth and fayre fete
with tethe whyte and euen sette
Her handes were swete as bloles
With gentle body wythouten faile
well shapen both belly and backe
with smale handes and fyngers longe
Nothinge for her was shapen to large
wherfor shoulde I het not dyspise
There was neuer none fayrer on lye
the marchauntes gan to the court gone
And presented the kynge with beys anone
therfore the kynge was fayre and blythe
& thanked the marchautes an hundred sike
By Mahounde sayde the king I were gape
woulde the chylde forsake his laye
for by mahounde that spyteth on hys
yet saw I neuer chylde with eye
that bare so muche fayrenes
Apyther in lengthe nor in brydenes
Chylde he sayde, thy name tel me

where

Where thou was bozne and in what countre
Sir he sayd Beuis is my name
There I was bozne thinke I no shame
In England my mother bare me
At South Hampton vpon the see
My father ther of was Erle a whyle
My mother let see him by a gyle
And hath me solde to the paynimes
A wickeder woman may none be ytwis
And I may liue certaynly
I shal auenge my father syz Gny
The king of Armony sayd full well
Of Guy of Hampton I haue herd tell
Many a paynim and sarisine
He hath slayne with muche pine
Beuis he said I haue no heyze
But a doughter that is fayze
and thou wilt thy lozde forsake
And to Appolin our god the betake
I shall geue her to be thy wife
And all my lande after my life
Sir he sayd that will I nought
For all the thinges that euer were wrought
Ne for no gifte that may be
Ne for thy doughter that is so free
I did my selfe great dishonour
If I shoulde forsake my creatoure
The king had in hym no fraunce
For he was Nedfoll in his creaunce
The king said Beuis while thou art swaine
Thou shalt be my chamberlayne
Whan thou arte moze and dubbed a knygh
Tho

Thou shalt here my banner in sight
 Beuis answered myde and still
 what ye me byd do I wyl
 Beuis was loued wyth squier and knyght
 for he was curtyse bothe daye and nyght
 Iolian gan beuis for to loue
 Quere all thynges that were aboute
 whan beuis was. xiiij. yere olde
 Knyght ne squier was none so bolde
 That agaynst yonge beuis durst ryde
 As with no wepon him to abyde

The first dede withouten lesse
 That beuis did in b:thenesse
 It befell vpon christmas daye
 Now it was I wyl you saye
 Beuis rode to the felde him to solace
 And sytty Sarpyne apace
 A sarasine gan to beuis saye
 Beuis he sayde what hight thys day
 Beuis answered pwoys
 I wot not what daye it is
 For I was but seven yere olde
 To the hethens whan I was solde
 Therfore felow blame not me
 If I wot not what daye it be
 The sarasins sayde and laughe
 we can tel well inoughe
 This is the first Christmas daye
 that God was bozne as men saye
 This thou shouldest thy god honour
 wyth some nobles as we do oure

C. i.

Of chrysendome I haue a byrde
I would I were as wel armed in this place
as ener sp? Sup my father was
for his loue that wate the crowne of thorne
and as this holy daye was bozne
would I iust with all the rout
Then shoulde men se without doubt
whether he wer stronger in heauen
Or all the mahoundes that you can neuen
Herken felowes sayde the sarasyn
Howe he despyseth appolonyn
yet weneth chrysten hounde
That he would byrnyng vs to the grounde
we wyll no lenger haue respyte
who so doeth best shalbe sene now tyme
Euens the Beys we the desyre
There is nought els but thou shalt dye
All at ones on him they swonge
and gaue him woundes wide and longe
Beys had no weapoun great ne small
wher with he myght defende him withall
Then was no bote to praye
But let hym do the best he may
Beys was lyght and quicke
and to the Sarasyn gan he lepe
And with his fist he stroke faste
That his cheke bones all to braste
A sarasynes sworde he toke in hande
And feiled all that befoze him would stande
There men might se muche wo
whan Beys began to go
Some he gaue iuche a wounde

That

That they lay grymping lyke a hounde
The sarasynes were toght and fly
and assayled Beuis with greute enuy
about Beuis the sarasyns byd lepe
as they had bene a flocke of sheape
Of some he gan the wombes downe tere
That the guttes trayled here and there
There was no Sarasyne that he hitte
But his body a sonder he kette
There myght none ste by no syde
But Beuis made him to a byde
And Beuis within a litell stonde
The sixty sarsons had brought to the ground
Great game had Beuis to se thenne
The dead sarasyns to lye and grenne
Here is sene sayd: Beuis in this bounde
That god is stronger than Mahounde
The sarasyns fleds homwardes ran
with out takynge of any man
and Beuis homwarde gan ryde
with bloody woundes on eche syde
He stabled by his horse tho
and to his chamber gan he go
to the freshe earth he layde him flate
for to strecethe his woundes with that
Cidinges came to kynge Crumpe
That in dyspyte of appoline
Howe Beuis had slayne of his men sixty
And to the kyng great shame and bylany
The king swoze he should neuer eate bread
If it were so tyll he were dead
whan Josau it herde he was full wo

C.ii.

and

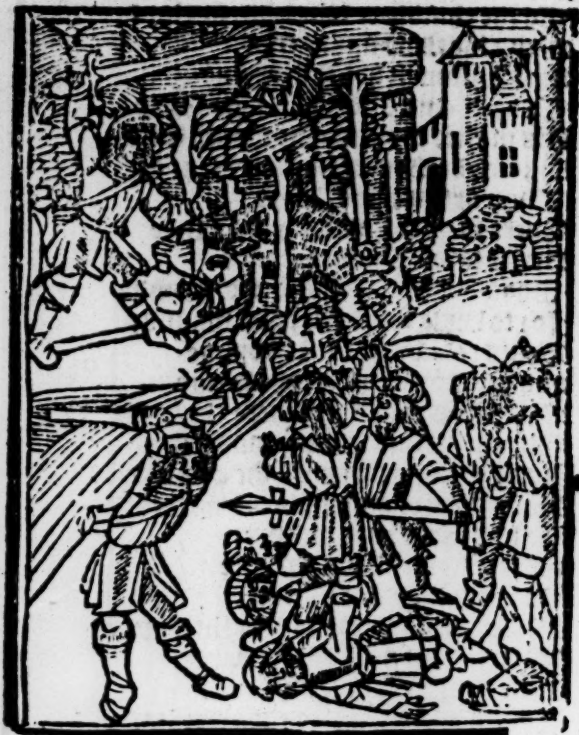
And to her father gan the go
 And saide for it shalthe not to giue iudgment
 Tyll both the parties be present
 Beuis is so mylde of mode
 I wote he did no man but good
 By Mahounde and by Carnagant
 But if it were his defendaint
 whan you haue hard both parties
 Than it is tyme to giue Iustice
 Than sayd the kinge bynyge both to me
 as Josian saith so shall it be
 Josian calleth forth two knyghtes
 So the sayd forth rightes
 To Beuis chamber that is so fre
 and byd him come and speake with me
 To the chamber they went as the the bade
 Etyher other by ther hande lade
 whan they cam to the chambze doze
 The on knyght went in befoze
 and sayde Beuis is it thy wpll
 to come and speake with Josian thy fyll
 Beuis loked bp with gryme bylage
 Fie he sayde on poure message
 I wpll not ones styre of this grounde
 To speake with an heathen hounde
 Unchrysten houndes I rede you fle
 Or I pour harte bloud shall se
 The knyghtes hied fast awaye
 And to Josian gan they saye
 They sayde Beuis called the hounde
 Chrys within a litle stounde
 we would not of: wend to hym

6
For all the rille beloked to gryme
Yes sayde Iolian come with me
And certayne I shall your warrent be
Forth they went with the mape
To the chambere where Beuis laye
Beuis lokyd by anone tho
And Iolian in her armes too
Toke Beuis and kysed hym swete
His malice she sayde she would wete
She sayde Beuis lemman thyne oz
Thou arte wounded soze
There is not in all panyms lande
Better salve I vnder stande
Than I haue brought this sounde
For to heale therewith your wounde
Beuis rose by at her byddynge
and went forth befoze the kynge
On Beuis was tolde there that tyde
Chryst wounded longe and wyde
• Kynge Cremyne scayned the and hearde
Howe Beuis and the laryngs ferde .
He had suche ruth and pyte
the teres rane downe plente
He sayde doughter Iolian
Heale Beuis woundes an thou can
I would not as I vnderstande
Lose his lyfe for all my lande
Iolian gan Beuis to chamber leade
to stoppe his woundes they should not lead
with salues and dyntes she healed the softe
and euer amonge she kysed him ofte
So within a litell stonde

C.iii.

Beuis

Bevis was hold and sounde.
 Thome Bevis in a morning rose and went
 to the forest and fette the wyld boze



Wyld boze was there about
 All men of him had great doubt
 all the men that he toke
 with his tuskes all to shoke

Tho

The boze was muche and wonder longe
His head was great so was his longe
Every man was grieved both knight & king
For to come in his metinge
Lorde sayd Beuis on a daye
Whether it be as men saye
Certes My herte shall euer be soze
Till I haue foughten wyth that boze
Beuis role vp erly upon a daye
and sadled his good palfreye
He take a sworde byfite and stronge
A stronge helde and a spere longe
And than he pycked ouer the seide
Josian saw and all be helde
whan Beuis came to the woode he thought
His helme aboute his necke he toke
His horse he tyed to a thorne
He began to blowe with his hoynes
All about the forest he sought
But the boze founde he nought
Till he came to the deuels denne
There he founde slayne many men
That in that woode the boze slew
The blode he dranke, and fforthe he gnethe
Ryse he sayde thou foule best
ageynst me battayle thou herest
Whan the Boze of Beuys had an eye
He sette his beastes all on hie
And stared wyth his eyes holow
as though he woulde spy Beuis smale
Of the sayde Beuys I haue murthered
wel I haue lette my teauayle

I were to hym Beuis dyd bere
In seven peeces he byast it there
All to wreake the speake was wrought
Foz in the boze bore it nought
His sworde he dyetwe hym to were
But ther myght no dynte hym dere
Beuis thought at eche dente
that he had smytten ypon a stente
The boze smote at Beuis so harde
That he was nere hande atayne cowaarde
without rest so fought they
tyll it was none of the day
Lorde sayde Beuis helpe and mercy
I am so wery me thynke I dye
The boze was feble and faynt also
and from Beuis gan he goo
Then sayde Beuis that woulde not I sta
thai I should lese my vertue
The one of vs shall dye this daye
Beuis mete the boze ypon the plane
As he came gappng it was winder
Beuis thrust hym in as it was thunder
In at the wounde he boze the boze
and cloue his harte in sondre thore
And with his sworde all in haste
The bozes heade he of caste
and on a tronchone of a spere
The heade he stiked foz to beare
That sawe the fozers of that forest
Howe Beuis had slayne that foule best
They sayde we haue great disdayne
That he hath this boze slayne

Go we to hym we shall hym flo
and take the bozys head hym fro
Than shall we haue all the honour
Right as we were conquerours
As Beuis should fro the fozeft ryde
They by him set on euery syde
The .xii. fosters were armed eche one
And Beuis was naked and all alone
whan beuis should hand on his swozde laye
The scaberte he found the swozde was away
for he had leste his swozde thoz
where he slewe the wylde boze
Than had he nought hym to were
But the tronchon of a spere
The fosters smote he downe
with a stroke of his tronchons
Ayne he slewe at dyntes thre
And other thre away gan flee
Beuis went with the head away
All sawe Josian where she laye
Suche loue on hym she caste
That neuer did fayle but euer did laste
The head of the wylde swyne
Beuis presented to kyng Ermine
Than at the firste rose Beuis pryse
That was both courteyse and wyse
SOne after not longe duryng
Came a messenger to Ermine þ kyng
for kyng Bzaundmounde of Damas
That swoze by Mahounde and Golyas
But pf kyng Ermtue blyue
Sende Josian to be his wife

In many wayes he would him noye
And all his lande robbe and destroye
and sayde in the first daye of maye
He shoulde come and holde his daye
And sende alwaye his daughter thene
And his landes destroye and byenne
King Ermine was wode wrothe
and sent after erles and barons bothe
and tolde them without fayle
That kyng Bzandmounde had the bataile
A worde spake Josian the bright
By Mahounde syz were beuis a knyght
He would you socoure well ynoughe
My selfe sawe where he sloughe
Nine fosters at byntes thze
and other thze awaye gan fle
Yet he had nought hym to were
But the tronehon of aspere
Therfore sayde the kyng shall we not let
But let Beuis to vs be fet
And doubbed syz Beuis to a knyght
and made hym harneys for to fyght
Full well the kyng gan for hym parway
with a great hoost agayne that day
Beuis sayde the kyng helpe at this nede
For all my men thou shalt lede
Arme the ryght and take the helde
For kyng Bzandmounde abideth in the felde
Beuis dyd one heauctowne
That wrought many a towne
An hauberke Josian hym brought
a better hauberke was neuer wrought.

and

and helmet he gaue hym good and fayre
There might nothyng it appayre
Than gaue hym that fayre maye
A good sworde that hight Hozglaye
There was no better vnder the sonne
Many a lande there with was wonne
Josian gaue hym sythen a steele
The beste that euer on grounde yede
Full well I can his name tell
Men called him a rundell
There was no horte in the worlde so strong
That myght hym sue a forlonge
Beuis in the saddle light
Josian smyled that was so byght
Beuis gan his horte blowe
For his host should him knowe
Beuis had with hym I vnderstande
Of bolde barons twenty thousande
And yat kyng Brandmunde there so
Had twyse as many mo
whan Beuis came vnto the felde
Brandmunde stode and behelde
A loude laughter laughed he tho
whan he sawe there were no mo
Epyther gan other ascry
They shote arrowes on epyther partyes
with bowes and albasters of byce
They slewe fast on epyther partyes
And whan they were thus in fyghtyng
There was earnest and no gamyng
Kyng Brandmoundes baner bare Radison
he was stronge as any lyon

D.ii.

Beuis

Beuis had of hym great enuy
Eriher other began desy
they smote their sides with spurres of golde
Arundell ranne ryght as he wolde
Both the parties stode and behelde
Howe eriher hyt other in middes of their
Radyson spere all to brest (Helde
Beuys spere helde and smote fast
That thzough Helde and acton
He bare kyng Radyson
The spere brest and he fell downe
In his brest he lefte the tronchewone
Than kyng bzandmunde was abashed
For in Radyson all he trusted
they went for he was in suche mayne
that no man myght stande hym agayne
About syz Beuis they came redely
to venge his dethe on the other party
And Beuis had game and thought ful good
to bathe Hozglaye in their bloude
When myght see in that stounde
An hundredth sarasyns brought to grounde
A lytell ferther he rode tho
And slewe there as many mo
the sarasyns that with beuis were
Helped him fast with their powere
When might se ouer all
Heades trindle lyke a ball
Many Sarasyns myght men mete
with guttes traplyng about their sete
Some all hedles gan flee
and some al Chankes above the knee

And

And their hebes of sente
 and some noseles away wente
 and some fled with so great a wounde
 That they lay grinnynge as a hounde
 a thousand fiedes men might se thenne
 with dead Sarasins away tynne
 And all they sayde seke and hole
 They had bene at Beuis dole
 Brandmounde se his men misfere
 Two of Beuis knyghtes he toke there
 And ledde them forth with them fiedde
 Beuis sawe that they were bestede
 And sayde abyde thou olde wretche
 Are thou come Iolpan to fetch
 Take me thy prysoner without distaunce
 for I shall make deliuerance
 Suche a stroke he gaue Brandmounde
 That man and hourse fell to grounde
 Mercy sayd Brandmounde thyne oze
 Let me lyue and smyle me no moze
 The cytie with castelles and toures
 I shall the gyue with great honours
 Nay sayde beuis I will none of thyne
 But become the kynges man Ermyne
 and do homage and feate
 For other wages there shall none be
 well sayde Brandmound leuer me had do so
 Than here to dye with payne and wo
 Beuis charged hym in his lape
 That he should neuer by nyght ne by daye
 wayte kyng Ermyne with no treason
 But euer be at his somon

D.iii,

and

and holde him of thy landes as chere
Beuis lothe oꝛ be thou lese
Beuis was Ermines atturnaye
To receaue homage that daye
Whan beuis had done he let him go
alas why ne wolde he him flo
foꝛ sone after as ye maye here
He serued him in woꝛse manere
the knyghtes that he toke fro bzad mounde
Beuis ledde foꝛth with him that sounde
foꝛ greate loue Beuis wolde not blyn
But both he led to his ynne
and gaue them meate and dꝛynke of the best
And to his bedde layde them to reste
and whan sꝛ Beuis had done so
To courte to the kynge gah he go
and sayde sꝛ kinge make good bylage
foꝛ kinge bzadmide hathe made the hoage
and take þ foꝛ his chere lord in feldes & towne
And redꝝ at pour somowne
The kynge Ermyne was glad and blithe
and blessed beuis often sꝛthe
And sayd doughter Josyan
Sone vnarme this man
Lede him to a chamber, mahoude him saue
foꝛ there he may rest haue
and serue him of meate and dꝛynke
Of the best ye maye thinke
Than was Josyan glad
And to her chambꝛe she him ledde
And set beuis softe vpon a bedde
Bozdes were layde and clothys spꝛedde
whan

when she had barmed beuis
 At the bozd they set them pwoys
 And made them well at ease a fyn
 with ryche meate and noble wyne
 when they had well eten
 And on a bedde to gether sytten
 Iolian that was so rewe
 Thought she would her lone reuewe
 She sayd beuis thyne oze
 Chan I can tel I loue the moze
 Certes beuis but thou the truthe me red
 for pure loue I chalbe dede
 Chan sayde beuis Iolian be spyll
 Me thinke thou speakest agaynst spyll
 Thou mayst haue one all bnyche
 Byng bzandmounde that is so ryche
 In all the worlde is no man
 Byng ne duke ne laudan
 But they woulde the to quene
 and if they had the ones sene
 I am a knight of straunge lande
 I haue no moze then I in Cande
 Mercy Beuis sayd Iolian
 I had the leuer to my leuyn
 Thy body in the wyte all waied
 Chan all the good that Mahounde made
 Beuis she sayde tell me the thought
 Beuis sat spyll and sayd nought
 She fell downe and wepte soze
 She sayde thou saydest here befoze
 There is no kynge that me hath sene
 But that he woulde haue me to quene

And thou thynekest of me great spye
wende thou out of my chamber tye
Woze comly it were the lyke
for the hedge and make a dyke
Than now to be doubbed a knyght
And among maydens byght
Go churle and euyl to fare
Whownde gine the sozowe and care
Whomysell he sayde I am no churle
My father was both knight and erle
To my countre I wyll me hie
Neuer after thou shall me se
Thou gaue me a hofse take hym here
I kepe not to be in thy daunger
Beuis wente forth he would not blypne
Tyll he came to his ynne
Soze agreed as he were blamed
for Iolian had him so shamed
These two knyghtes that Beuis lousd
Asked hym who had hym greuyd
Beuis sayde neyther good ne yll
But set hym downe and helde hym styll
whan Beuis wente Iolian fro
Than began alle the wo
Than she called the chamberlayne boniface
And bad hym helpe her in this case
To Beuis on message she him sende
and sayde that she would all amende
all that she had sayde loude or styll
and pray hym come me tyll
Boniface his way is gone
To beuis chamber is he come

And

9
and sayd that Josian had him kende
That he wolde al thinges amende
and all that he hath sayde loude oꝝ syl
wyth that ye wyll come her tyll
Beuis sayde why shoulde I do so
She had me wende her chambze fro
A robz gaue beuis to the messanger
wyth oþer wedes saye and riere
well furred of grete valoure
Haue this he sayde foꝝ thy labour
and grete well thy lady fro me
And say I will her neuer se
Bonifare thanked him tho
And wente agayne to where he came fro
He sayde my lady make good there
foꝝ beuis will neuer moze come here
Certes my lady ye did vnpght
foꝝ to mislaye so nable a knyght
foꝝ it was neuer choyles dede
To geue a messadger suche a wede
If beuis wyll not come to me
I wyll not blypne tyll I him se
Besall therof well oꝝ wo
To beuis chambze wyll I go
Josian wold no longer blyn
Tyll he came to beuis ynde
whan beuis herd Josian wythout
As he shoulde hope to gan to route
Beuis she sayd a while awake
I am come my peas to make
Damsell sayd beuis tho
Let me lye and go me fro

C. i.

I am

I am weary of fyghtyng soze
 So wyll I for loue no moze
 Wherby the lady my lemmman swete
 She fell downe and began to wepe
 Forgyue me that I haue myllaide
 I wyll that ye be well apayde
 My false gods I wyll forlake
 And Christendom for the to take
 On that couenaunte lady Beuys than
 I wyll thedore saye Iospan
 He killed her to accozdement
 And therfoze was Beuys wente
 The two knyghtes were there that stonde
 That Beuys had taken from brandmunde
 The herde all theyz couenaunte
 They went to the kynge in an instaunte
 And sayde Beuys pike dawe
 Hath made Iosian forlake her laye
 Certes now we will he lye her by
 But if ye seke som remedy
 And but of he be brought of by a waye
 Certes he wyll destroye your laye
 It is luthie by all halowes
 Delyuer a thefe from the galowes
 He shall the warre to robbe oz slo
 So it fared by the knyghtes two
 Beuys deliuered them from peryll
 And they quytte hym full yll
 Blas sayde Ermine kynge
 Soze me rueyth that tye daffe
 Synthen that beuis came me tyll
 Moche he hath done at my wyll

I woulde not for all Ermony
 Se any do Beups byllany
 But I woulde auenged be
 So that I myght it not se
 Spz sayd a sarasine
 we shall do wyple in perchempne
 I letter to kyng Bradmunde
 And byd hym byng hym to grounde
 As he is true kyng to pou swozne
 And by beups shall the letter be bozne
 And by Mahounde I dare say
 That beuis shall neuer go quyte away
 whan this was brought to the ende
 The kyng gan after beups sende
 And sayd thou shalt wynde as ryght
 And be true messneger as thou art knyght
 And here kyng Bradmunde this letter
 And euer more thou shalt be the better
 Another els shuld bere it.
 I shall turne the to great prospe
 Spz haue I Arundell and Moxgla
 I will vnder take the wayt
 Be Bradmunde neuer so wythe ne woode
 I shall make my party goode
 wherfore sayd Ermyne thynkest thou so
 Thou shalt but on message go
 Take an easly bakney
 That may beare the easely awaye
 It falleth no messenger for to lede
 So vncomly suche a stede
 But beups thou shalt me swere
 That thou shalt truly my letter bere

C.ii.

And

And yf thou art true man and lefe
Undo not the prynte of my byefe
Ray sayde Beuis by chrysten rode
He toke his letter and forth he rode
Upon an amblyng hakenay
Leuinge at home Arundell and Ho:glay
Jesu him comfort and reed
Upon him he bereth his owne deed

Let us now of Beuis here
And speake we of his game Sabere
After that Beuis was fro hym solde
Hys hart for hym waxed colde
He called to him his sonne Terry
And hadde him wende to espye
To sarasyns lande bothe ferre and nere
Yf he myght ought of Beuis here
Palmeres toeds thou shalt were
So mayst thou better after hym spere
He gaue hym treasure for to spende
Whan that is done god may more sende
Forth than gan Chylde Terry fare
To sarasyns lande yll he came there
In many a lande he hath fought
But of Beuis he herd nought
Tyll it befell vpon a daye
As afterwarde I shall you saye.

Howe Beuis went on message to kinge
Bradmunde & howe he fought in the cite of
Damas agaynst the sarasyns & made sacry
fyre to ydolles, and howe he tare them downe

and cast them in to the dyke and after
warde was taken & put in prison.

A Turne we againe there we were afore
At Beuis of Hamton to speke moze
Beuis rode forth and passed faste
Toward the Cytie of Damaske
He rode dayes and nightes bothe
And rested not withouten othe
He rode as fast as he myght ryde
Two of thye morowes tyde
Than yst hym bothe eate and drinke
As a wery man doth after swynke
To slepe he had lust as the Romaynes seles
That myght he get and nothing elles
Beuis la downe to slepe a soude
And let his hoxle bayte on the grounde
whan he woke out of his slepe
So lenger he bode but by dyd leape
As Beuis there forth rode
To a foreyst fayre and bzode
He sawe a palmer syt hym nere
wyth bzede and wyne at his dynnee
Baken Curlewes had he thye
Thonghe he were pooze one to se
The palmer sawe y Beuis was a knyght
And baylet his bonet as it was ryght
The palmer sayde fayre loue myne
It is your wyll to come and dyne
For my wyll is geuen to the
Therfore for giue it me
Thou shalt wythe me full euen
To a man that I can reuen

C.iii.

beuys

Beuis sayde agayne full fayne
Hunger hath done to me muche paynis
beuis eate and dranke good plente
whyle he wolde spytte and therat be
than to speke beuis began
Palmer he sayde art thou a chrysten man
Where thou were bozne nowe tell me
And what thou dost in this countre
Then sayd the Palmer ye shal vnderstande
That I was bozne in England
At South Hamton vpon the sea
And I am come into this Countre
To seke after a chyld I plyght
Forsothe beuis he bight
I shall him seke tyl I hum fynde
though I him seke to the worldes ende
To byrge hym into Englande
to helpe my father wryth his hande
Agaynst his stepfather for to fyght
To wyne his heritage and his ryght
what bight thy father Palmer
Spe men call him Sabere
for he is in much stryfe
I like him in an yle good
That is closed wite the salte floude
and euery yere a daye certayne
He fyghteth wryth spe Mardure of almayne
for to wyne hys heritage
He doth for him greute byrge
Tell me spe yf thou can
Wiche me ryght to that man
Then sayd beuis wryth a mylde chere
beuis

Beuys haue I knowen this ten yere
It is not thyt dayes at all
Sythen we were both in one hall
There is no man by goddes oze
In Chyrtendome that I loue moze
We were felowes for thy
He tolde me his father hrght syz Cup
Syz sayd the Palmer that is he
For goddes loue let me hym se
Nay sayd beuys it may not so
For on message must I go
And wende thou to Englande agayne
and helpe thy father wyth myght and mayne
for whan I haue my message done
I shall speke with beuys full sone
and tell hym as I vnderstande
And make him hve to Englande
By chaunce beuys is my frende
I shall wyth him to Englande wende
Syz sayd the palmer in his langage
To whom do ye ryde on message
To kyng brad munde sayd beuys I wende
He is my fo and not my frende
Sayd the Palmer yf thy wyll be
Wylt thou let me thy letter se
Nay sayd beuys so mote I go
So thought I not my selfe to do
Shall it neuer vndo be
Cyll kyng bradmunde hath it se
They toke there leaue and forth gan go
Cyther kyssed other of them two
The Palmer went to Englande

And

And beuis rode forth warde
Towarde the Cytie of Damasc
that was a full fayre place
There was kynge braumundes Palays
there was neuer rycher the Roys sayes
For the wyndowes and walles
was paynted hith golde both towers & halles
Dylers and dozes were all brasse
wyndowes of latyn were set with glasse
It was ryche in many wyse
that it was lyke to Paradys
About the place there was a dyke
for hardith and depnesse there was none lyke
Ouer the dyke a brydge there laye
that man and best might passe a waye
Under the brydge were threty belles
Ryght was the Romaynes telles
That there might no man passe in
But all they conge with a gyn
At the brydge ende there was a towre
painted with golde and alowe
Ryche it was to beholde
there on stode an egle of golde
His eyes were of pzeuous stones
Of great vertue for the nones
The stones were so riche and bryght
that all the place shone of lyght
whan beuis was nere hande the Cytie
Of that place maruailed he
for thither that beuis bose was
Sawe he neuer suche a place
whan beuis came the cyte with in

and

Grete myrthe and noyse he sawe begyn
As sarasyns shoulde make their sacrifice
To heir mawmettes in this wyse
And Beus came nere for to se
and sayde what Devil of hell do ye
why make you Mahounde this pye:ents
and dyspyle god omnipotent
I shall wete so mote I go
what Mahounde can saye or do
Beus lepte vnto Mahowne
And toke hym ryght by the crowne
and cast hym a myddes the myre
And bade them take by their syre
The sarasyns that by heus rode
for pye and tene they were nere wode
They swore all he shoulde abyse
for he despyled theyr ma matrye
There was no moze with them to saye
But all at ones on hym they laye
Beus sawe that and his sworde out dyctoe
And all that would abyde he fletoe
Than rose the crye in the cylie
and sarasyns gathered great plente
They gathered about syr beus tho
for he dyspyled Mahounde so
Beus sawe that and toke a stoure
At eche stroke he felled foure
with the sarasyns he fought so faste
Than two hundzeth to the groude he cast
within a litell whyle men myght mete
Sarasyns heades tomblyng in the strete
To the Dalys they ranne flinge

f.i.

for

For to haue socoure of the kynge
And sayde s^r we are noyed
For the cytie is nere destroyed
Through a knight that hyther is come
Our goddes he hath fro vs nome
And tryden them vnder his fete
And in the myre amyd the strete
and all thy men he hath slayne
That euer fought hym agayne
S^r kynge but we haue counseyle of the
He wyll destroye all the cytie
Kynge Bradmunde sayd by his hode
He is a deuill, or he is woode
what he is I wyll go se
Arise you ryght and come with me
Forth they went all the route
Of the Palays withouten doute
Ryght on the byrdege the Romayns sayes
They met hym goyng into the palays
whan Venus sawe the kynge with crowne
On his kneel he kneled downe
and gaue hym vp the dede with his hande
And sayde Iohⁿ that is all I vnderstande
That shape all the worlde that is so rounde
Nowe gyue the sorowe king Bradmunde
But Mahounde and apolyn
And termagaunte whiche be goddes thins
They gyue the nowe their blessing
That is wozte lyfe and euill endyng
well the greteth kynge Ermin
and sendeth the this letter of parchemyn
and bydeth the his bydding do

as thou art swozne him vnto
The kynge of Beuis receyued the dede
And gaue it a clarke for to rede
The letter bad he should hym flo
That he should not passe hym fro
For certes yf he passe awaye
He wyll destroye all our laye
whan kynge Bradmunde herde all this
He made therfore muche ioye and blisse
He sayd Beuis welcome to court with thae
we shall teche the a newe game
Thou art he that made me thzall
We and my men all
Thou slewe and bzought my men to grounde
Twenty thousande within a litel rounde
And hast in dyspyle slayne Mahounde
and slayne my men in this rounde
But blessed may Mahounde be
That the sendeth hether to me
for nowe I wyll be wroken sone
Of all the sorow that thou hast me done
But wyte me not Beuis veramente
But blame him that the hyther sente
Some sayde he should be slayne
and some sayde he should be quicke slayne
Some sayde drawe hym thzough the eyte
And some sayde hange hym on a tre
And euer stode Beuis and them herde
Of all the treason howe it farde
Syz kynge he sayd it were great rushe
To iudge me to a dooges dethe
I knyght I am as well as you

f.ii.

Therfore

Therfoze take your counsell now
And graunte me armure and arte
Shelde and spere good at neede
Sure helme on for to welde
And bryng me safe into the felde
And arme your men lesse and moze
Syrtty thousande if they woze
And let me dye in baytyle ay ryght
As the maner is of a noble knyght
Than the sarakyns cryde all
And to the kyng gan the call
and sayd he Shall thy men downe folde
If thou graunt hym battaylle bolde
Graunte hym prysoun throughe our need
And let hym be there tyll he be dred
For in your prysoun ther be dragons two
And other woymes many mo
And were he in your prysone brought
Unto none he lyueth nought
Bryng hym there as I you ken
And not in felde among your men
Than spake kyng Bradmunde
None bryng hym to the grounde
For he shall dye with muche sorowe
all christendome shall not hym bozowe
About Beuis gan they dyue
as bees downe about a hyue
whan Beuis sawe none other hole
He woulde no longer with them mole
with his sworde he stode at defence
against them all in their presence
Syz Beuis fought that it was wounder
CpII

Tyl his swoorde breste in sonder
 Alas sayd beuis and well away
 Now I wante good Morglay
 But nought for thy syster beuis
 Brought to ground with fyre his
 Sory Sara ines to the ground he cast
 after that his swoorde breste
 And ever they flocke mo and mo
 and toke beuis with muche wo
 And bounde together his handes so faste
 That all his fingers on bloude oute breste
 They ledde hym sithe into the hall
 and set him downe in a knyghtes hall
 a knyght him fedde with meate and drynke
 what so ever he wolde after thyngke
 The kyng had beuis eate fast
 For this he sayde shalbe thy last
 an hundred sarasines stode without mo
 about beuis with swordes tho
 In chaunce if his handes out breste
 Than he shoulde make them agaste
 whan beuis had eaten and made hym glade
 Into the pylson they made hym be ladde
 whan he was at the grounde
 Beuis handes they vnbounde
 For they were sure and faste
 That he woulde not make them agaste
 In pylson whan he came downe
 There he founde a shorte tronchotone
 In his handes he it toke
 and saurd his lyfe so sayth the boke
 a water throughe the pylson ran

f. iii.

and

And bare the fylthe fro the man
 He had not bene there but a while
 Not the mountenaunce of a myle
 whan the two dragons of much myght
 Agaynst fyr Beuis came to fight
 f all fought both he and they
 All the night and all the day
 The two dragons neuer blan
 Tyll they had made Beuis a tovery man
 But by the other daye at none
 These two dragons were fordone
 His staffe was broken al away
 A lytle was lefte in his hande aye
 whan these two dragons were dede
 Than coulde Beuis no better rede
 But thanked Iesu that all shall wyne
 Of al the care that he was in
 Seven wynter he was thore
 Meate he had neuer moze
 But ones a daye withouten lesse
 Of whete branne he had a messe
 For to lenghte with all his lyfe
 In pouerte and murche stryfe
 Bredde oz corne etc he none
 But of water he had greate tnone
 Rattys and myse and surhe smal dere
 was his meate that seven yere
 Thus is Beuis on the pylson grounde
 God byng him hole and sounde
 ¶ How Iolian demaunded of hrr father
 where fyr Beuis was and of the
 sorow that he made

Speke

Speke we of Iolian that may
How tyll her father she gan saye
Syz Beuis she sayde where is he
Full long me thynketh tyll I hym se
Doughter he sayde I vnderstande
He is gone in Englande
And leuith on his heritag?
He hath a wyfe of great parentage
A kynges doughter wedded hath he
A marchaunte y wox so tolde it me
Than was Iolian full of wo
And to her chamber she did go
and wepte soze for syz Beuis
and thought some treason there is
There is no man that can tell the sorow
That she made both euen and morowe.

Here after foloweth howe kyng Iour of
Hambzaunte wedded y sayze maide Iolian
the kynges doughter of Ermony.

Of Hambzaunt kyng of Ioure
a ryche kyng of treasure
Is come Iolian to wedde
And of her father he spedde
That graunted hym her to be his wyfe
and his lande after his lyfe
whan Iolian herde she should be quene
Against her wyll it was I wene
She had leuer withouten lesse
To haue bene syz Beuis countesse
Neuerthelesse sythe it was so
against her father she durste not do
F.iiii.

Curt

Euer the ladye sye Beuis
 Wynde knyght of South Hampton is
 Haddest thou me neuer forlake
 But some treason did it make
 I shall neuer so vntrue be
 as thou art Beuis vnto me
 I shall nowe go and make me a wyffe
 Through a clarke wyffe of wyffe
 That there no man shall haue grace
 while the letters are in this place
 against my wyll to lye me by
 For do me same noz bylany
 She dyd the letters sonne to be wrought
 On the maner as she had thought
 and put it about her necke
 In no maner she should hym cheeke



whan it was to the tyme yede
 That kyng Iouke shoulde her wedde
 He sente alicer without many mo

For the souden of Babylon tho
 And after the souden of persy
 It is no tyme their names discrep
 and prayed them bothe with hym to be
 whan he shoulde wedde that lady fre
 whan this feest shoulde begynne
 Euery knyght wente to his ynne
 whan the feest was all done
 Kyngge Ioure would home come
 with Josyan that lady byght
 That euer was true both daye and nyght
 Josyan was brought to them thare
 with muche thought and muche moze care
 Kyngge Crmync toke arundell
 and laoled him goodly and well
 and toke with him good Mozglay
 and to kyng Ietree gan he say
 Haue here I gyue the this nede
 Stalewozthe and good in euery nede
 Haue here Mozglaye of stele bytows
 Bothe they were Beuys of Hampton
 Kyngge Iour thanked him then
 And pyrked forth befozt his men
 They were not fully at Hambraunnte
 But the kyngge sayde by Tarimagaunte
 That he woulde into the cytie ryde
 On arundell befoze his byrde
 arundell whan he was by brought
 Arundell had in his thought
 That it was not sy? Beuis
 That on his backe dyd syt ptoys
 Than did he lepe ouer dycke and thozne

G.I.

Dure

Ouer briere and ouer cozne
Would he neuer blyne rennyng
Tyll he had cast downe the kyng
So soze to the grounde he him casts
That in towne his backe he brasse
and had not sone come foroure
He had slayne kyng Ioure
They toke the hoise with muche flight
And ledde hym to the palays right
with great ropes they hym bounde
There was no meate befoze hym sounde
Neither ottes ne water clere
There he stode that leuen yere
But that Iosian him brought
And that wyfte the kyng ryght nought
For his men colde not hym rede
With hunger ne thurst payes him to dede.

Iosian is nowe Quene
And Beuis in pylson with muche tene
Stronge woordes were there befoze
He cursed the tyme that he was bozne
Her heare hanged longe and lide
Full simple tho was her pryde
On a daye as Beuis would slepe
There came an adder and on hym gan crepe
And stonge him soze withouten lye
Upon his browe aboue his eye
And Beuis waked and loude gan crye
and sayde Jesu my lord merce
This adder hath bytten me soze
Out of my lyfe I would I woze
Helpe

Helpe me lord and it be thy wyl
 And let me neuer in pryson spyl
 with that an aungell come is
 and appered vnto Beuis
 Of god his aungell he sawe by his sight
 By whome the worme lost her sight
 And befoze hym all to hyste
 Beuis sawe that an laughed faste
 Syr Beuis was full feble and full faynte
 To Iesus Chryste he made his complaynte
 And vnto his Mother Mary
 And rusally began to crye
 Lorde he sayde of heuen synge
 As thou shape me and all thyng
 what haue I to the done gylte
 That me here ne helpe thou wylt
 the sarasyng do to me murche woo
 On me haue mercy they be my fo
 Nowe gyue me grace heauen to wynde
 And out of pryson that I am in
 The two wardens herde Beuis complaynt
 Howe feble he was and howe faynte
 The one sayde hearest thou this felowne
 Howe he despyseth our Mahoune
 He weneth that his god may him saue
 and socoure thinketh he to haue
 But by Mahounde it shall not gayne
 I shall neuer rest tyll he be slayne
 Todaynly at that worde
 He let downe a lampe by a corde
 And sayde come downe whan I the call
 For to helpe whatsoeuer befall

Then a sword he took by his tyde
and by the rope gan he glyde
and smote Beuis in that sounde
That he fell downe to the grounde
Lorde sayde Beuis why dost thou so
Now is my harte in full great wo
Had I my sword good shoglay
and arundell my goode paltray
for all Damas with treason
would I not geue one bultron
and nowe the moste wyetche of all
at one stroke maketh me to fall
Now were I woorthy to be haged on a hoke
But I were venged of that stroke
Beuis with his fist smote so fast
That his necke all to brast
The other cried that was aboue
and sayde felowe for my loue
Hast thou of me any nede
It is beste I com the to rede
ye sayde Beuis all for gyle
Come hether to me a litle while
For I muste nedes haue thy rede
Or that beuis be all ded
The other warden no lenger abode
But downe by the rope he stode
and sawe Beuis hole and sounde
And sawe his felowe dead at the grounde
He would haue fledde by agayne that tyde
Ray sayde beuis thou must abyde
Beuis with his felowes bynde
Smote a sonder throughe goddes honde
The

The rope aboue the scharpyns heed
 That into pryson to his felowe he yede
 Than was Beuis glad and sayne
 His two wardens whan he had sayne
 Thye dayes he laye and nought he ete
 Hym thought that lyfe nothyng swete
 yet was Beuis wonte befoze eche day
 whyle that he in pryson laye
 Of whete braune to haue a messe
 There with his hunger to redresse
 But whan his wardens were for donz
 Bread ne braune ate he none
 That penaunce thought he full strong
 Hym thought he lyued all to long
 Iesu Christ for Beuis sayde
 Helpe me now at a lytle braye
 The rope may I not reche
 But yf thou me wysse or teche
 To byghe he smote the rope a sunder
 If he it reche it were great wonder
 But not for thy throug gods myght
 Beuis shpped he was full lyght
 And gate the rope in his hande
 And came by I vnderstande
 whan he came vp he sawe no light
 for it was about midnighit
 But well he herde in the stable
 Gromis synge and make vable
 To the stable dooze he went
 And smote it by at a vynte
 A doze barre he toke in hande
 And fletwe all that he fandz

G.iii.

I good

A good steede forth he brought
And saddle hym well ynough
Beuis rode to the gate full even
And called the porter with mylde steuen
Kylle porter anone he sayde
Beuis of Hampton hath vs betrayed
Sone after the gates were vnloken
and with that Beuis is out lopen
The porter his waye he toke
To the pylton fox to loke
He founde the wardens slayne ybowys
And beuis away scaped is
the porter sayd by my snout
It is Beuis that I let out
The porter went to the king and sayde
Howe that Beuis had him betrayde
And slayne his wardens both in fere
The kyng made sorowe and heuy there
There was fyue kinges in that Palays
That made him homage the stoze sayes
to them kyng Bradmounde made his mone
they armed them every chone
A kyng there was proude and feres
Men called them syz Graunders
In hoise he had of great pryce
that men called trunchespyce
He was worth his weyght of golde
So he wold renne vpon the molde
Syz Graunders was the first dyght
On trunchesfice vp he lyght
And sprange after trunchesfice
Well he thought to wynde the pryce

When

whan he thas past Damace
He sawe Beuis ride a pace
He sayd turne the dogges whelpes
Thy god shall the nothing helpe
Through the I shall get renoune
If thou be Beuis of South Hamptolone
Than said Beuis so mote I go
It is no maistry me to flo
For if that I slayne be
It is through hunger and not through the
But neuerthelesse we wyll assaye
How thou wilt my duty paye
Beuis turned him well and saye
And rode together with great aye
Suche a stroke hym gaue Graundere
That through helpe and hauberke clere
Herte and body he claued in sunder
There helped no armour & that was woode
Right to the saddle by heed mine
and cloued him downe as a swine
Beuis Trunchevise soone bestrode
And lefte his owne and forthe he rode
Knyng hradmunde with all his hooftes
Came ridyng after with great boost
and so faste foloweth he
That Beuis was dauen to the see
Beuis sayde if I fyght so many agayne
for hunger and feblenes I that be slayne
yet is me leuer to the water fle ywys
and les god worke that his will is
Than to be slayne amonge them all
Helpe me lord for nowe I call

Beuis

Beuis smote his hoise that he ganshypp
Into the sea forty fote he lepte
The sarasins sawe that after came
Howe the hoise with Beuis swame
Through the grace of god almyght
The hoise bare ouer that noble knight
whan he was the water past
The hoise hym rested and choke him fast
And for feblenes in that stonde
Sir beuis fell on the grounde
Lord sayd Beuis how hongry am I
and I were king of Ermony
I would it geue withouten rehd
For a hyuer of byrdens bread.

Forth rode Beuis with great arze
Tyll he came to a castell saye
A lady ouer the wall lay
Dame sayd Beuis I the pray
For his loue that dyed on a tre
One meles meate thou geue to me
The lady answered to him the
From my gate I rede the go
An other place is better then here
For here thou gettest a colde dynere
For my lord is a giante
and belyeth on Mahound & the magant
If he knowe thou be a chrystean
He will the do with muche payne
For god sayd Beuis and swoye an othe
Be he lefe or be he lothe
Here wyl I my meate eate.

To

To die therfoze but I it gete
 The lady was abashed with all
 And went downe into the hall
 and tolde her lord that was so stoute
 Howe a man had swozne there oute
 That he wolde eate his fyl
 In the mangre of thy wyll
 Ye sayd the gyaunt wyll he so
 A doze barre he toke in his hand tho
 And out so Syr beuis he Brayde
 and thus vnto him he sayde
 what art thou art thou wyse
 where stalest thou Trunchefyre
 That thou syttest vpon here
 He was my bzothers syr Graundere
 God knoweth than sayd beuys
 I thore syr Graundere a crowne ploys
 whan we mette last in batayle
 I made him deken wythouten fayle
 and yf thou wyll ozder take
 a pzeest sayd beuis I shall the make
 alas sayd the gyaunte for syr Graundere
 His deth shalt thou aby full dere
 To syr beuis he smote full soze
 But of beuys he fayled thore
 And hit trunchefyre in that stounde
 That he fell to the grounde
 Beuys sterte bp wythout respite
 and to the gyaunt gan he smyte
 Suche a stroke was not sene in no lande
 Sythen Olyuer died and Roulande
 The gyaunte sawe that beuys was stronge
 H.i. He

He dyctoe out a dart sharpe and longe
Throughe Beuis shulder he gan it thote
The bloude ranne downe to his fote
Whan sye Beuis sawe the blode
For ire and tene he waxed wode
He smote the giaunt than hntyll
wyth all his might and all his wyll
And suche a stroke he hym lente
That helme and head fro the body wente
Best and body he cloue doone
wyth the dente of his fauchoune
Nowe sayd Beuys by mone and sonne
I trowe I haue my meat well wonne
Dame sayd Beuis withouten moze
Gyue me my meat I hunger soze
And thus shall I neuer so may I the
Of meat and dypnke no churle be
The lady durst not Beuys wythstande
She ledde Beuis in by the hande
And seruyng him of bread and wyne
And afterwarde of meates fyne
Of euery melle I vnderstande
That came to sye Beuis hande
He made her eat fyrst for thy
She should do no bylany
And dypnke the fyrst of the wyne
Leste she had put popson therein
Whan Beuis had eaten prouge
A whyte kercheffe to him he drought
And stopped therwyth his depe wounde
To staunche the bledynge in that sounde
Beuys into the stable yede

And

And sadled for him a goodly stede
There wolde he no longer abyde
He toke his way and forth gan ryde
Than say Beuis forth rode
Tyll he came forth abrode
Unto a fayre grene place
Lorde sayd Beuis blessed be thy grace
And now I wolde that byadmunde kinge
were here with me and all his sprynges
On this grene men shoulde se
whether that I wolde fro them se
forth rode Beuis by the streame
Tyll he came to Jerusalem
And to the patryarke he went ful swithe
And of his synnes he dyd hym shryue
Of Jostan he tolde the strife
That by right shoulde haue bene his wife
The patryarke for his great trithe
wepte for him and thought great ruthe
He kept with him Beuis sole
Tyll he was bothe sounde and hole
And forbode him on his lyfe
That neuer he shoulde wedde a wife
But yf she were a mayden clene
Ray sayd Beuis as I wene
whan it came to the night
Beuis toke leue as a gentyll knight
Cry on the morowe whan it was daye
Beuis rode forth on his waye
As he rode him selfe alone
he thought to what place he wolde gone
whether shall I to Englande fare

say what shal I do there.
But I might an hollie gather
for to sle my stepfather
I wyll he sayd to Ermony
To knowe the cause wherfore and why
That the kynge did this treason
for my goodnes agaynst reason
As Beuis rode forth right
He ouer toke another knight
That wolde go forth to Ermony
And beuis bare him company
As they rode at the laste
Epyther behelde other faste
And epyther other then knewe
for some times they were felowes trewe
Together they kyssed after that
He asked Beuis of his estate
God knoweth sayd Beuis and lough.
I haue had sorowe ynoughe
And suffred bothe hungre and colde
And other paynes many folde
Thoughe the treason of kinge Ermine
yet shall I quyte him all my pyne
were not his daughter Iosian
This day I wolde be his bane
Iosian he said is a wyfe
Against her wyll with muche cryfe
Seuen yere it is by Termagaunte
Sythen kynge Iour of Hambrunte
Iosian in Hambrunte dyd wedde
Bothe to boue and eke to bedde
He hath thy swoorde good Morglay

and

and arundell thy good palfrey
 where is Hambrante sayd beuis the
 Spz he sayd it is so
 To reche Hambrant ye can not so day
 But turne ye must an other way
 Euer he rode forth erraunte
 Tyll he came to Hambrante

M Ambrante is a riche cyle
 fayre and lovely for to se
 whan spz beuys of south Hamptowne
 Came within the riche towne
 wryth a Palmer there he mette
 full fayre eyther other grete
 Palmer he sayde where is thy kynge
 Spz he sayd forth on huntinge
 with many knightes stout and kene
 Palmer he sayd where is thy quene
 Spz he sayd in her toun
 Palmer he sayd peramoure
 wylte thou geue me thy wede
 for mine and eke my stede
 wolde god sayd the Palmer than
 That ye wolde be so good a man
 Beuys gaue his godd horse in dede
 for the poze Palmers wede
 Beuys than went to the castell gate
 Many Palmers he founde there at
 Beuys sayd to them brythren dere
 what doo ye now here
 Than answered him all that there stode
 we stande here to haue some good

D.iii.

Beuys

Beuis sayd who shall vs good do
The quene sayd they, we do beleue so
For all that hath sounde here
Euery day this seuen yere
She hath gyuen them meat and drynke
For suche goodnes as she did thinke
This almes gyueth she by my crowne
For Beuis loue of South hamptowne
Than sayd Beuis for Chyppes loze
Tell me nowe ye Palmer pooze
Whan this almesse shalbe done
Wher they sayd at after noone
Beuis sayd it is but erly daye
He went from them anone awaye
He thought he wold go spy and so
Howe that it might best be
As he came vnder a turrett
That vnder the castell was sette
He herde Iosian wepe and crye
Thyther he went for to espye
Blas she sayd for the good Beuis
The gentyl knight of south hampton is
Blas that I neuer se the day
That ones with him speke I may
But Iesu Chyist I take me tyll
Helpe me and it be thy wyll
This seuen yere euery daye
Iosian that saye maye
Was wonte suche sojorne for to make
For spy Beuis of Hamptownes sake
Soone she wente to the gate thow
For to bynge in the Palmers pooze

Beuis

Beuis bied him fast to the gate
Lest he should haue come to late
The Palmers pceded in faste
Beuis abode and was the last
To the hal he led them euery chone
But vnto Beuis sayd Josian anone
Thou seemest most best to me
For I desyre to talke with the
Begyn thou the bozde palmer
And merely go thou vnto thy dynner
whan the Palmers were all sette
Meate and dynke he did them sette
Than gan he to Beuis saye
Tell me now Palmer by thy saye
Hast thou herde any man tell
In any lande tohere it befell
Cyther in felde or in towne
Of syr Beuis of South Hamptotone
I shall make him ryche without lesyng
That of him can tell any thyng
Ye dame sayd Beuis and lough
Syr Beuis I knowe well ynough
At home in his countre
I am an Erle and so is he
For there he loueth me ouer all
For cyther was other promigall
At home he gan me muche tell
Of an hoyle hight arundell
I haue asked in many a lande
For that hoyle I vnderstande
And sought him both ferre and nere
And euery man sayth that he is here

As ye loue that same knight
Let me of that hoxle haue a sight
The quene without any fable
Ledde beutis into the stable
The quene gan beutis to beholde
And to boniface the sayde and tolde
I trowe the sayde by my crowne
This is beutis of South Hamptowne
But beutis berde was neuer thorne
Syth he was of his mother bozne
whan beutis into the stable came
anone into arundell he ran
And sayde arundell god the saue
without the towne I wolde the haue
with the I came neuer to mambzaunde
But with me thou shouldest to England
Arundell in sunder brast chaynes leuen
whan he berde syz beutis leuen
And forth he ran out of that place
And nyed and made great race
Alas sayd Josian tho
foz arundel I am full of wo
foz he wyll be many a mannes bane
O that he agayne be lano
May sayd beutis and loughe
I can take him well ynoughe
If that ye wylt giue me leue
I shall him take without any greue
To take the hoxle the him prayde
and lede him by the lady sayde
That here be no distaunce
wyth that I shall the auance

I graunte sayde beuis by goddes dome
whan arundell sawe his mayster come
He wold neuer stirre ne lepe
Tyll beuis on his backe did skyppe
Beuis on arundells backe he threwe
and there by Iossan anone him knewe
She sayd beuis loue deere
Ride not fro me in no manere
Thou promised me thy wyfe to take
whan I my false goddes dyd forsake
Helpe me beuis at this nede
For thou hast arundell thy good dede
I shall the fetch the sworde mozglay
And lede me beuis with the away
Spz Beuis sayde by saynte Jame
and I the loue I am to blame
I laye for the in pyson stronge
Seuen wynter and that was longe
and the patricarke on my lyfe
Charged me neuer to take no wyfe
But she were a mayden elene
and seuen yere thou hast bene quene
and euery night a knyght by the
How shouldest thou a mayden be
Merrey spz beuis than sayd she
Haue me home to your countre
If you finde not me a true woman
In all that ye saye can
Send me hither to my fd
My selfe all naked and no mo
I graunte quod beuis that thou with me go
On the couenunt that it be so

I. i. Hye

Hye the faste and make the prestes
If that thou with me go lyfte
Bonifare rode a lytell helyde
And herde their counsell in that tyde
Sir Beuis he sayd it is great peryll
I wyll you teche a better skyll
The kyng is gone on his playeng
And sone he wyll come from hunting
If he fynde that we be awaye
He wyll pursue vs both nyght and day
With al his great chivalry
And we for our trechery
Shalbe drawen throughe the towne
And hanged as false fellowe
Sir Beuis therof I do you rede
Brundell to the stable agayne ye lede
And at the gate ye shall abyde
For whan the kyng doth in ryde
He wyll of you aske tidinges
Where ye haue bene and in what landes
Ye shall tell him redely
That ye came oute of Surry
And that the lande is greatly moyed
Townes be hente and men destroyed
And that kyng bradwyne is
In poynt to lete his lande piers
Throughe Spynche and his men
Of Antioche the ryce Cille then
Loke you tell him none other
For kinge bradwyne is his brother
And whan he heareth this tidinges
He will go thither with great hastinges
with

with all his power and his hoost
 Than may we go with litle hoost
 Now sayd beuis I holde me apayde
 He ledde by the hourse as he had sayde
 Sone after cam the kinge fro hunting
 And at beuis he asked tidings
 And all to him tolde beuis thowe
 As boniface tolde him befoze
 I haue great wonder sayd king Ioure
 That he sendeth not hether for succoure
 The messengers were taken fyne
 Spz beuis sayd by my lyue
 That came fro kinge bzadwyne
 I tell the by goddes pyne
 Kyng Szacke hath them in holde
 I trowe it be not kyng bzadwine tolde
 Nowe sayd kyng Ioure
 I wyll me hve to that stoure
 In all that I can to helpe my bzother
 In his right agaynst the other
 Kyng Iour gathered a great party
 Forth he wente vnto Surry
 But his Stewarde spz Grassy
 He lefte at home ful rydely
 That came together in that case
 Beuis Josian and Boniface
 Nowe it is time sayd Beuis to go
 Nay sayde boniface ye shall not so
 The kinges Stewarde spz Grassy
 Is made keper of my lady
 I knowe a grasse sayd he ptois
 That of suche vertue is

All tho that therof dzyrke
It wyl make their eyes to wyrke
And make them soz to slepe through myght
all a day and all a nyght
Had Grasse dronke this grasse in wyne
Than might we go with counsell myne
whan bonifare had done that thing
Up he rose without lesing
On the moztow withouten mys
Josian bonifare and beuis
They pururped them as they wolde
Both of syluer and of golde
They hied them forth on their way
Syz Grassy awoke on the other day
whan he wiste the quene was gone
with the Palmer he made great mone
He made his men them to dight
And gathered greates power soz to fight
Than he rode forth all bedene
After the Palmer and the quene
Al mambraunt after them brough
wapened and armed well ynough
On euery side a great route
They beset Beuis round aboute
Than sayd Beuis to Bonifare
Thou seist we are in straunge case
Thou shalt with Josian abide here tyll
Tyll I go fyght with them my tyll
They shall abyey that I maye
For I haue rested my many adaye
Had ye neuer so good gamyng
As ye shal se whan we are samyng.

Any sayde Bonifare to Beuis the
Forsothe it shall not be so
I shall you bringe in lesse doute
The landes is beset rounde aboute
A litle helyde us here
Is a caue in a rocke is nere
were we ones therein brought
Of them all we gyue right nought
To the caue they came at the laste
Grassy them serched and ouer them paste
He went agayne to here he came fro
wyth muche care and muche more too
In that Caue they were all night
without meat or drinke I do you plight
Iosian hungred on the morowe soze
And so say Beuis he complained her thore
Beuis sayde to Bonifare
Kepe thou Iosian in this place
for I wyll on this hyll go
To se of I may any thinge do
That we may on coles caste
for Iosian may enill falle
Forthe went Beuis in that stounde
with him he ledde a good greyhounde
And whan sir Beuis went them fro
within the caue came lions two
Greenning and rapinge with their fete
And bothe on Bonifare did they lepe
His horse vnto him he broughte
And armed him well ynoughe
And gaue vnto them battayle right
But all to feble was his might

I.iii.

for

For anon they him knewe
And his horse all to knewe
Whan they had eaten of that man
They wente bothe to Josian
And layd theyr heedes vpon her barme
But they wold do her no harme
For it is the Lyons kinde ptopp
A kinges daughter that mayde is
Harme ne scarre none to do
Therefore lay the Lyons so
Whan Beuis came from huntynge
In the caue at the begynnynge
As he went inwarde for the nones
He sawe a man gnawen all to the bones
Into the caue than wente he
To se what chaunce there might be
Josian sate in muche doute
And two Lyons her aboute
A lyf sayd Josian tho
Come and venge me of these two
For right nowe haue the slayne
Boniface your chamberlayne
The one Lyon wyll I holde
Whyles ye make the other colde
Aboute the necke she toke the one
And Beuis had her let him gone
I say Josian let him be
For I se well a mayden be ye
What maystry is it them for to flo
In handes whan ye held them so
Let them come to me bothe
Or elles forsooth I wyll be wrothe

He let go the lyon wythouten mys
And both they assaunted sy: Beutis
Stronge and peryllous was that fight
Bytwene the lyons and the knight
They gaue him woundes longe and wyde
His armure they tare on euery syde
Beutis loked vp to Josian
And such a comferte toke he than
That the two lyons grymme and lothe
At one stroke he slew them bothe



For Bonifare full two was he
But whon he sawe no bote wolde be
He toke by Iolian in that tyde
And on his way forth gan ryde
They had not riden but a whyle
Not the mounteyn of a myle
But they mette with a gyaunte
With a full sope semblaunte
He was both myghty and strouge
He was fully thyrtie fote longe
He was bysted like a towre
A fote there was betwene euery browe
His lips were great they hanged side
His eyes were holowe his mouth wide
He was lothely to loken
He was lyker a demyll than a man
His staffe was a ponge oke
He wolde gyue a great stroke
Beuis wondred on him I you plyght
And asked of him what he byght
And yf all the men of his countre
Were as muche as was he
My name he sayd is Escaparte
My Grassy sent my hytber warde
For to bynge you home againe
and nowe I am gladd and faine
That I haue you here founde
For togither ye shal be bounde
So shall I you lede to Hambyaunt
worth full sope semblaunt
Yet sayd beuis thou mayst sayle
I shal the se fyght in batayle

Of arundell beuis debone lyght
and toke him to Josian the bryght
and beuis with a bolde herte
with Worzlay assapled ascaparte
Betwixte them twayne was great fyght
Syz Beuis was nyble and lyght
And starte awaye his dynte fro
whan a scaparte at him did trow
If his harte should haue braste
He coulde not one on Beuis faste
For if he had smytten syz beuis ones
He woude haue byulte all his bones
Beuis shipped here and thore
And gaue him woundes topde and soze
Than a scaparte was full wo
And groe at syz beuis tho
He smore to haue hys syz beuis crowne
his foie styphed and he fell downe
and oz that he rye might
Beuis was redy with his swoorde bryght
To haue smytten of his heed
But Josian dyd it forheed
Syz the sayd ye shall hym saue
and let him leue and be your knaue
Dane he sayde he will vs betraye
I wyll be bozowe he sayde riap
Scaparte made beuis homage
And he became syz Beuis page
Than they went forth all thye
Ctill they came to the see
A bymunde they found there
To Chyffendams redy they were
B.i.

There

There were many great plants
 And many herbs there to be
 Whan Icarus herbe of that



None to him he took his bat
 And done them one with muche batme
 And bare them under his arme

Beats

Beuis and Iolian to thyppe he bare
 and dreme by the saple and forth gan fare
 They sapled forth the south to sayne
 Into the hauen of Colapne
 Beuis wente up to the lande
 And soone a frende there he fande
 The byshoppe of the towne percas
 To sir Beuis spbke he was
 Syr Beuis grete well the byshoppe holde
 and what he was he hym tolde
 The byshoppe than was well apayde
 My dere colpne welcome he sayde
 That I you se I am full sayne
 Full well I wende ye had ben slayne
 whense he sayde is this lady there
 Syr sayd Beuis of bethomsk a quene
 for her I haue suffred much payne
 And she would become chaste sayne
 He sayd what is he this hadde visage
 Syr sayde Beuis he is my page
 I pray you chrisen him also
 Though he be both blacke and blo
 The byshoppe chrisened Iolian
 That was as white as any swan
 for ascaparte was made a tonne
 And whan he should therein be done
 He lepte out vpon the benche
 And sayde churle wilt thou me drench
 The deuill of hell thy payne be
 I am to muche to be chrisened I tell the
 The folke had good game and loughe
 But the byshoppe was wrothe ynoughe

Now is Betis in Toleyte lande
Through might of ryghtes hande
There he gate great renowne
For the slepyng of that dragoun
For tohan launcetot dylake
Fought with the brenning drake
Gyng of warhopyche I vnderstande
Slewe a dragon in Northumberlande
Busliche a dragon was neuer sene
As for Betis slewe I wene
Betis wente to bed at night
With muche ioye and toghes bright
And after his fast slepyng
He herde a redoubt cryng
The voyce sayd in his cote
Iesu my lorde haue on me intercepte
I rote he sayde howe by hene
My deeth is comyng nys upon
Betis therof had great ioye
And asked men there on the moor
He asked them what was the cry
And men answered him and tolde why
They sayde it was a noble knyght
That was stronge and bolde in fyght
And as he rode through the towne
He met with a fell dragoun
That hath benym upon him thowgh
The knyght lyeth there all to bloode
And I shall tell you all the case
Howe the dragon came into the place
In the towne of Calaboure men tell
Was two dragons great and fell

These

These two dragons there ran hyght
 Seven yere bothe day and nyght
 And destroyed both man and beast
 On euery syde both west and east
 There was a man in that londe
 That was full goddes sonde
 He made a bone to god above
 That he should for his mothers loue
 Deliuer out by his holy grace
 These two dragons out of that place
 Than these two dragons betwene fell
 They had no power there to dwell
 Than the flewe to tuskayne
 Many men there haue they dayne
 From tuskayne into Lombardy
 There they dyd great bylany
 The one dragon by goddes vome
 Flewe to the Courte of Rome
 He there tellyth his curted bones
 In seven yere he spylth ones
 Men saye he is there yet
 Enclosed with clerkes myt
 The other dragon I vnderstande
 Flewe hithe into Colayne lande
 Within a myle from the see
 But a myle from the see
 In Colayne lande all aboute
 They haue offhand great doute
 That dragon was here to nyght
 That hath destroyed the sayde knyght
 Lorde Iesu Christe sayde Beuig the
 May no man that dragon slo

So certayne they sayde without any fable
All christendome were not for hym able
But if Michell came downe
Shall no man see that dragons
Sir Beuis called ascaparte hym to
and asked hym what to do
and sayde wilt thou with me go
For to se that dragon we two
By chaunce if we with hym fyght
we maye hym slaye with goddes myght
I am redy sayde ascaparte trulye
Haue done anone let vs thyder hye
Beuis armed hym and forth gan ryde
and ascaparte by his syde
Whan they were passed the cytie
And were ne where he shoulde be
The dragon cast by a yll
That woulde haue the deuyl of hell
Ascaparte sayde with heuy chere
Darest thou maister what I here
yes sayde Beuis haue no doute
the dragon is here nere aboute
Boldely to him shall we go
By goddes grace we shall hym slo
Beuis rode forthe a good pas
where he trowed the dragon was
For southe sayde ascaparte tho
I wyll agayne homewardes go
For I would not for all Daup
Se that deuyl that made that cry
what deuyl sayd Beuis art thou so mad
I thought nothing might make the adrad
For

for shame shalt thou afraid be
Of any thyng or thou it se
Syz he sayde with heuy chere
I wyll hym neuer se noz here
Well sayde Beuis wylt thou so
I wyll hym no or I go
Alcaparte ferther woulde he nought
But Beuis rode forth and sought
And whan the dragon that foule is
Had a syght of syz Beuis
He caste vp a loude cry
as it had thondred in the sky
He turned his hely towarde the son
It was greater than any tonne
His scales was bryghter then the glas
And harder they were than any bras
Betwene his schulder and his tayle
was forty fote without fayle
He waltred out of his denne
And beuis pricked his stede then
And to hym a spere he thrauste
That all to wyuers he it breste
the dragon than gan Beuis assaile
And smote syz Beuis with his tayle
then downe went hoyle and man
And two rybbes of Beuis bzyled than
Up sterte Beuis with good wyl
and ofte he ranne the dragon tyll
And good Hozglaye out bzayde
and on the dragon fast he layde
But for no stroke that he gan to stryke
wold not Hozglaye on hym byte

The

The dragon haue agreed fore
and smote at Beuis more and more
and gaue hym many a great wounde
and felled hym ofte to the grounde
what for weep and for saynte
By Beuis was nere attaynte
The dragon shewed on Beuis so harde
That as he shoulde haue fledde backwarde
There was a well so haue I wyne
And Beuis stumbled ryght therein
Than was beuis afraide and was
Lest the dragon shoulde hym sle
Or that he myght away pas
Whan he in that well was
Than was the well of such vertu
Through the might of Christ Iesu
For sometyme dwelleth in that fonde
A virgin full of chyldes sonde
That had bene bathed in that well
That euer after as men tell
Myght no venemous worme come therein
By that vertue of that virgin
Arghe it by quen sege and more
That was beuis glad without fore
Whan beuis sawe the dragon fell
Had no power to come to the well
Than was he glad without fayle
And rested a while for his auaile
And drinke of that water his fill
And than he lepte out with good will
and with Morglay his hande
He assayed the dragon I understande

On the dragon he smote so faste
 tohere that he hit the scales byaste
 the dragon than saynted soze
 And call a galon and moze
 Out of his mouth of venim strong
 and on syz beuis he it song
 It was benymous pvois
 than whan it was on syz beuis
 All his armure byust in that stounde
 and beuis fell dead to the grounde
 there was no lyfe on hym sene
 He laye as a dead man on the grene
 The dragon smote beuis without fayle
 That he turned top ouer tayle
 But thereof toke he no kepe
 He laye as a dead man on slepe
 He smote Beuis as I you tell
 The dynte smote hym into the well
 That was of great vertue that tyme
 For it would suffer no venim
 Through vertue of that birgyn
 That sometyme was bathed therein
 In the wel whan beuis was at the grounde
 The water made him hole and sounde
 and quenched all the venim awayne
 That well saued hym that daye
 whan beuis felt him hole and lyght
 and knewe that well of so great might
 Than was he a ioyfull man
 He was as fresse as whan he began
 He kneled downe in that stede
 To Iesu chyiste he made his bede

A. i.

That

That he wolde sende hym mayne & might
To see that dragon in that fight
Beuis blessed him selfe and forth yode
And lepte out with harte full good
And Beuis vnto the dragon gone is
And the dragon also to Beuis
Longe and harde was that fyght
Betwene the Dragon and that knyght
But ever whan sy Beuis was hurt loze
He went to the well and washed him thore
He was as hole as any man
Ever as freshe as whan he began
The dragon sawe it might not anayle
Besyde the well to holde batayle
He thought he would wyth some whyle
Out of that place beuis to begyle
He wolde haue slouen then awaye
And beuis lepte after with good Moryglaye
and hit him vnder the wyng
As he was in his flyenge
There he was tender without scale
and beuis thought to be his bale
He smote after as I you saye
With his good sworde Moryglaye
Up to the hiltes Moryglay yode
Through harte, lyuer bone and bloude
To the ground fell the dragon
Great ioye sy Beuis begon
Under the scales al on hight
He smote of his head forth right
And put it vpon a spere
And vnnethes he might it bere

He went towarde Colayne that tyme
with much ioye and muche pryde
whan they of the cite sawe Beuis
Come with the head of the dragon ytwis
all the belles gan they rynge
Priestes and clerkes agayne hym did synge
And brought beuis so in the towne
with fayre procession and great renoune
Then was beuis name in great honour
Every man had him in fauours
In every lande it goos
Syz Beuis pryce and his loos
Glade was the byshop of Colayne tho
That syz Beuis had bozne hym so

Beuis dyd go vpon a daye
To þe Byshopes chamber where he laye
And sayd syz what is your reade
I would go venge my fathers dead
Of that wycked felone
That slewe my father by treasons
If I might by any gynne
Wynne heritage agayne wynde
And syz ye be my fathers brother
And syz Sabere is the other
Of you two me behoueth to haue counseyle
For certes that therfe I wyll assaile
Syz sayd the Byshoppe anone right
Syz Sabere is a doughty knight
For every yere a day certayne
He fyghteth thy stepfather agayne
With a full great baronage

For to wyne thyne heritage
 I wyll the fynde at my colage
 In hundreth men of armes at my wage
 And wende to habere thy eme right
 He is in the yle of wight
 Syr he sayd god haue mercy
 But let these men be sone redy
 Syr Beuis rode forth to Iolian
 And toke leue at his lemman
 And sayde my lady I must go
 For to weke me on my fo
 For to winne vnto my hande
 All mine heritage and by lande
 And here I'll shall you be
 And ascaparte shall be with the
 Ye shall haue o: I wende
 Money ynough for to spende
 Iolian sayd it wolde be so
 She kissed him and forth gan go
 Forthe wente Beuis with his route
 Of hardy men bolde and stoute
 That the byshop him gaue
 So longe on the see they draue
 Till they came to the towne
 But two myle from South Hamptone
 Than sayd Beuis to them tho
 Is here any man that wyll go
 Vnto syr Murdure of almayne
 And say there is come a Bryttayne
 With doughty knyghtes without disaunce
 Of the best of the realme of fraunce
 And saye we be come into this lande

For

For we be done to understande
There shulde be grette warre and fight
Betwene him and an other knight
And if he wyll be with him holde
We will defende him be he so bolde
And if he wyll not do so
we wyll to the other go
A knight went forth on that message
That gentel was of lyncage
whan he came to the castell gate
The porter let him in therat
And to syr Mordure was he lad
And tolde him as Beuis bad
Mordure than was full sayne
And rose up and went them agayne
And brought syr Beuis into the hall
And saye saluted them all
Beuis was sir Mordures sere
forsothe that night at suppere
His owne mother without lesynge
Made sir Beuis great feastyng
Mordure asked what he hight
Gerarde he sayd I you plyght
Gerard he sayd pwis
This countesse had o this
In erle her had o I her wedde
He gat a child by her in bedde
whan the erle to deith was brought
The bope anone waxed nought
His father was of noble bloud
And his mother in all thinges good
The bope whan he came to age

L.iii.

Solde

Solde to me his heritage
and spent his syluer with muche blame
and went out of the lande for shame
Now cometh his huch an hardy knyght
That dwelled in the yle of wight
and challengeth his heritage
with full great baronage
and oftentimes with his great route
Destroepeth our lande rounde about
This is the cause syz Gerarde
That eyther warre on other so harde
whan syz Murdure had all sayde
Beutis sat skyll and was ruyll apayde
and thought lozde whether shall I hym flo
This false treapture oz I go
Say he sayde and why
It wolde turne me to hylary
for men might wene by reasons
that I hym slewe with treason
It wolde me turne to cowardys
If I hym see in this wyse
I wyll him not assaile
I will him see in playne batale
whan beutis a whyle had sytten skyll
Syz he sayd wyll ye here my skyll
I haue hether company bzought
But in armure be they nought
They might not with them armure lede
But if it noyed them as they pede
And fewe hozles pways haue we
we lesse for carpage on the see
Lende to me hozle and armure then

for to harpnes all my men
and than we had chypinglo
and that we may to the ple go
This night will I lye and dye
On hym that is myne enemye
And so within a while whyle
ye shall here a quante gyle
Sp: Murdure dyd as beuis hym bede
And lende to his men armure and stede
and ordeyned them chyping good
and than brought Beuis to the flood
and sayled forth all by lyght
Tyll they came to the yle of wyght
Sabere out of his castell laye
and harde muche noyse and great araye
and sawe a chyppe to lande was pyght
with an hundred heades with helmes bypyght
And had wonder what they were
But beuis displayed his baner there
for to make glade Sp: Sabere
Of his father Sp: Guyes armers
for many a tyme there before
were those armes in batayle bozne
Sabere knewe soone the cognisaunce
and than he made good semblaunce
and sayde certes I vnderstande
That ponde is beuis commed to lande
Sabere went thether in all haste
There as the chyppe was made faste
and welcomed beuis with ioye and blyss
and cyther of them gan other kyss
and thanked god of his grace

That

That Beuis was come to that place
Forth went Beuis and Sabere
with their men all in fere
Beuis tolde his eame as I you hete
Howe his stepfather and he gan mete
Than Beuis asked forth with than
If there were any man
That durste wende as hote
Unto Hampton in a hote
And tell Mordure this night
That I was not the frenche knight
As that he hight Gerarde
That made with hym that forwarde
But say I byght beuis of renoune
The right beyze of South Hamptowne
And saye the contesse is my dame
The deuyl ggeue them both shame
And saye that I wyll auenged be
Of that they dyd to my father and me
and who so will do for me this
I shall rewarde him well ythys
Up sterte a knight with bolde visage
That vnder toke that message
and armed hym also hote
and brought him soone vnto a hote
whan he came to that other syde
To the castell gan he ryde
and found sye Mordure at his suppere
with good semblaunte and great chere
The knyght on knees hym sette
and sye Mordure saye he grette
and saye sye Mordure I bynge

Suche

Suche a certayn sydinge
 That the knight not Gerarde
 That made with him that forwarde
 He byght bevis of South Hamstowe
 He is the lades one loone
 I haue him so to habere speke
 His fathers dech he will toke
 And wyng he will his heritage
 On them that had done him outrage
 When sy Murdres wyde that woode
 He call his kysse ouer the boyde
 To haue saynten the messenger
 But he sayed us re may de
 And smote his sonne thre his byde
 That he neuer spake with clerk ne priest
 Than arose there a noyse and cry
 The messenger than not so faly
 Thought not good to dwell there longe
 But out he lete them amonge
 And smote his hysk with his spurre
 And sprange out at the hall durre
 Fayre and well he gan him dight
 Tyll they came to the yle of wight
 And tolde sy Brut and sy Subert
 How sy Murdres let it supere
 His owne sonne for pte slaue
 Venus had good game and longe
 And gaue the messenger in his hand
 Sixty flozins for his hand.

¶ Holen a tyngh that byght Myles came
 and woued Julian, and wedded

her agaynst her wyll.

L Et we of him be styll than
And speke we now of Iosian
That in colayne dwelled styll
where she had not all her wyll
There dwelled a knight that hight myle
In the lande of Colayne that wyple
to Iosian his loue he cast
And wowed her wonderous fast
But al his speche turned to nought
For nothing he coude chaunge her thought
the Erle was wroth in his manere
For Iosian made him so great daunger.
And in anger downe he him sette
And to Iosian spake wordes greates
I wolde do with the my wyll
Whether it lyke the wel or yll
Spz sayd Iosyan thy bolle let be
I dyede the nought so mote I the
For yf thou go to the harde
I aspye me in ascaparte
Certes though the Erle myle
I that in some maner him begyle
Whan he sawe he might not spede
Up he rose and forth he yede
He made a letter be wyritten right
On this maner it was dight
from Beuls as the letter wolde
that ascaparte come shoulde
unto a castell that stode in an yle
It was not from Colayne but a myle
Whan ascapert herde that sonde
He toke a bat in his honde

And wente forth that messenger
In greate haste tyll he came there
whan ascaparte was well wythin
The messenger was quarynte of ginne
withyn he lette ascaparte
And locked the gates after him harde
And robed him selfe to lande agayne
And tolde spy myle of that trayne
Than had Erle myle of that no dyede
Agayne to Josian than he yede
And sayde Josian make no mone
for ascaparte is fro the gone
In a Castell within the see
Locked fast for southe is he
Than was Josian euill aparde
She called a messenger and to him sayde
So thou to hypppe this ilke night
And passe forth to the ple of wight
and byd spy Beuis for any thinge
Come to me without lettynge
If he wyl haue me on lyue
Therfore I pray the go belue
I shall the thy rewarde paye
Do thy errand withoute delaye
The messenger wente forth his waye
There was nothing els to saye
And spy myle after than
Came vnto sayre Josian
And first wold haue lye her by
I pray the spy she sayd mercy
for I haue swoyne by goddes payne
That I shall neuer be by layne

Ap. ii.

Though

Thoughe I therfore should lose my life
Tyll I be a wedded wfe
If thou wilt me spouse and wedde
I will go with the to bedde
Gladly Iosyan than sayd he
To morowe shall we wedded be
He kyssed her anone as ryght is
And sent after barons and knightis
That were of his parupte
At hys weddyng for to be
for he wolde her wedde paruelp
On the morowe erly
Erly on the morowe he for gate nought
But they were vnto the churche brought
The erle began Iosyan to wedde
Bothe to bozde and to bedde
whan the weddyng was all done
By then it was hye none
Erles and barons were soon sette
And riche meates were forth fet
There lackyd none spely
Of ryche meates and mynstrelly
whan it dretwe towarde the nyght
A ryche supper there was dyght
And afterwarde becoment
The knyght and the to chamer went
vpon her bedde as she saue
The erle came to her with that
with barons a great company
with pymeate and with spely
whan they had donken the wyne
Syz sayd Iosyan saye loue myne

Let no person here be of such a good name
 This night to our pleasure
 Neither knyght mayden nor ladyne
 My selfe shal be your chamberlayne
 He sayde I am content shal be your chamberlayne
 Both man and mayden he made out go
 He set the doze well and fast
 And let him go to bed at the last
 There was a custome as it was late
 Before the he and it was late
 Than on her gyrdell without lesinge
 She made a knot ridinge
 About his necke she drew it thore
 And strangled him withouten more
 Than on a beme she hanged him by
 And lete him there for his tye
 The night passed in that wyse
 The barons began for to ryle
 Some on hunting and some to the church
 And workmen arose to worke
 The halfe daye passed withouten sayle
 The barons had of him maruayle
 Some sayd let him be hyl
 Of Josian he hath his wyl
 The midday wente it drew to none
 A baron spake than full sone
 I maruayle he sayde how may this be
 I wyl go to the chambze and se
 He smote the doze with his fote so fast
 That al to peres he it blast
 aryle he sayde thou cele myle
 For thou hast slept a great while

Q. iii.

The

Thy head aketh toke I well
Thou hast nede of a candell
Ray sayd Iolian I vnder take
His head shall neuer moze ake
I haue charmes him from that soze
That his head shall ake no moze
Now haue I quyte his weddyngs
Ponder mayst thou se him byng
He shall neuer woman spyll
Do with me what soeuer ye wyll
All they made great sozowe
That other day on the mozowe
She was dight berament
In a tonne for to be byente
Without the towne was set a stake
A great fyre gan they make
In a castell lay ascaparde
And ouer the wall loked thiderwarde
And had great wonder truely
What that fyre myght signify
Than he bethought him in his hert the
That Iolian was brought into some tow
Of the castell that he was in loken
A turrett he had all to broken
He was so wo and wode
That he lept into the salt flode
And fast by hym also hote
Came a fysher with his bote
And ascaparte toke the bote in hande
and rowed the bote to the lande
Towarde the folke he gan loke
Beups came after and him ouer toke

and

Did sayd these where hast thou be
where is my quene I leste woth the
Syz Beuis loide mercy he sayd
The Erle Myle hath my betrayd
Towarde the fyze they hysd them blyus
The prestes than gan Iolian Wyus
Chykses blessinge haue the amonge
For he tarped her so longe
whan the fyze was all redy
In her smocke she stode thereby
Right as they should her byenne
On arundell Beuis gan renne
And in his hand good Moryglay
And ascaparte went another way
All that they aboute founde
Beuis and he set to the grounde
There was neyther knight ne wayne
That passed away byslayne
And that made the false Erle Myle
For his treason and his gyle
Beuis toke with him than
Bothe Escaparte and Iolian
And went forth anone right
Till they came to the yle of twylght
Syz Sabere welcomed with ful good herte
Bothe Beuis Iolian and ascaparte.

Whan Beuis þ noble knight & syz Sabere
his came sent their messengers for a wide for
men of armes to socour thē in þ tyde against
syz murdure þ helde Beuis heritage by tress
that was ymagined by þ wicked womā hys
mother,

mother, who hote in the same a strapher
bath Murdure & his horte maugre
al his host into the castel & there
he was rodden to death
in a chadron.



S Abere and Beuls sente their sonde
Whe shoute in every londe
After right great chivalry
Of stalworthy knyghtes and hardy
That they might fynde then
Of every londe the donghtyest men
Spared they neither silver ne gold
For the best men hade they welde
Beuls was curteys and fre
To every man in his degree

together

There came erles and barons yonge
 For to socoure Syr Beuls
 There came knyghtes squyer & pages
 Eche one had of him good wages
 And ryche gyses moze and lesse
 Eche man after his doughtynesse
 Therfoze eche man unto him fought
 He toke and left what him best thought
 Curr he chafe him of the beste
 That he could fynde eyther east or weste
 Syr murdure muche sorowe made he
 whan he sawe beuls had such a merne
 The countesse sayd wyde ye nought
 Of good counceyl I am be thought
 Ye shall sende in caryage
 After the pader of almayne
 Also ye shall sende your sonde
 After my father into Scotlande
 He wyll come to you to help
 wth a full great company
 And to may have many mo
 Out of Englands and wales also
 wherfoze shoulde ye dyde then
 whyle ye may have so many men
 If beuls se you have such a route
 He wyll fle away for doute
 Syr murdure did by hyr counsaile
 The messenger went without any fayle
 That afterwarde without lesynge
 To hampton came bothe prince and kynge
 The came with the king of Scotlande
 The number of ten thousande

A.i.

There

There came out of almayne
 With fyf Mors of Miane
 Mytty thousande wyth helmes bryght
 And wel armed for to fyght
 And fyf Mordure had also
 Thre thousande men and mo
 Some lordinges sayd fyf mordure
 That hyther come me to socoure
 Ofte you haue harde speake parde
 Of the stryfe betwene Sabere and me
 Now to him is come to helpe him to fyght
 Being of Hampton a noble knight
 well I wende he had bene dead
 what is therfore best your read
 He threteneth me for to be slayne
 And that he wyll wyne his landes agayne
 Aggaunte with him he hath brought
 An erthly man semeth he nought
 Neyther of fleshe ne of fell
 For he is lyke the demyll of hell
 Men call him ascaparte throughtout
 Of hym forlothe I haue great doute
 Lordinges he sayd arme you well
 Bothe in yren and stele
 Thoughe ascaparte be stryfe and sterke
 Many handes make light werke
 whan his boost was armed and dight
 They strypped to the yle of wryght
 All the yle was so be spredde
 wyth the power that fyf mordure ledde
 Sir Sabere looked out at a toure
 And sawe the boost of sic mordure

And

And all smartely down gan he go
for to tell spyz Beuis to
And sayd Beuis notw counsaile
I trowe it wolde vs auayle
In this castell to holde vs byll
and defend vs from yll
for suche an hoost as hath murdure
As lawe I neuer in no stoure
Do away Sabere said Beuis the
for if they haue as many mo
Against vs all they haue no might
They haue the wronge & we the right
Teme you lordinges Beuis gan cry
That we were armed hastily
And ye shall haue spyz Sabere
Thre thousand vnder your baners
And I as many shall lede
Of doughty men good at nebe
for I wyl haue the forwarde
and than he sayd to ascaparte
Thou shalt dwell nat for thy
Wryth thre thousand men hardy
and whan we haue medled a stounde
and eche brought other to the grounde
Whan the stoure is most harde & strong
Hye the thither and dwell not lang
for thre thousand of frethe men
Good dedes shall they do then
Beuis than his houe blowe
for all his hoost should him knowe
By that blowynge knew spyz murdure
That they gadzed to the stoure

A. ii.

And

He sayd lordings withouten farte
Now cometh our enemies to battayle
Be ye hardy and haue alke
For we be as many mo
Two battayles gan they make
The kyng of Scotlande than one gan take
Spz: Huedure that other had
Eythir of them ten thousand had
The first that of the castell came out
was spz: Beuis with his route
And Sabere with his company
Came after full boldly
Eythir hoost gan other desy
And euery man to other redy
Spz: Hozis of Wyane
Rode fast spz: Sabere agayne
And Sabere mette him pways
And such a stroke he gaue Hozis
That quyte away gan he cleue
from the shulder arme and heue
Befoze the pcece went spz: Beuis
On euery syde he felled them pways
There might none him withstande
That sawe the king of Scotlande
He pced forth with his route
And beset sir beuys all aboute
Beuys began than to play
And made him rotome with good Hozglay
He wolde not stynt than so
Tyll he went the kinge to
And such a stroke he him kente
That hysle and man to the ground wente

But

But such succoure came to hym tho
 at that time Beuis might him not flo
 But oꝛ he was hoꝛsed agayne
 An hundred men Beuis had slayne
 foꝛth pꝛeced Beuis in that thronge
 On every syde doꝛone he them stonge
 He neuer stint in that stoure
 Tyll he came to syꝛ Mordure
 Traytoure he sayd with great enuy
 Turne the now I the despye
 whan Mordure sawe that he was byledde
 He turned his backe and wolde have fledde
 And beuis smote after with good Hoꝛglay
 And sayled of him so walaway
 foꝛ by his backe the stroke fell doꝛone
 and hit vpon his sadle cꝛopolone
 And smote it a sende quite to the grounde
 Horse and sadle both in that wounde
 But tho came hastely socoure
 and hoꝛsed agayne syꝛ Mordure
 and boldly did he than abyde
 The people dyed on every syde
 Beuis rode foꝛth on arundell
 On every syde he dyd them fell
 Some lay bledꝑng lyke a swine
 and some began them to pine
 and some their visage he dyd pare
 That men might se their teeth all bare
 There went none vnmarked away
 that beuis might reche with good Hoꝛglay
 foꝛ soꝛe agreed was he
 where beuis had one the other had thꝛe

A. iii.

But

But Beuis and Habers here them so
Cuen agaynst one they slew two
Whan the throng was herde
Than came forth ascaparte
All on fote as I pouwere
For there might no hoxie him beare
He toke his staffe in his hande
And thus do wne all that he found
whan ascaparte came within his route
Than had sir Murdure greates doute
For he brought wth hym then
Thye thousand of fresh men
And felled downe on euery syde
and slew all that wolde abyde
Greate pitie men might haue sene
Of the murder that there had bene
fearful they were of ascaparte
For he smote so soze and so harde
That thye thousand they might se
fle and drowne them in the sea
Beuis called ascaparte him tyll
And sayd felow here my skyl
Loke that thou take good hede
Of him that rideth on the whyte stede
And bere him alyue into the toure
For that same is syr Murdure
yes sayd ascaparte tho
we shall abyue him or we go
ascaparte wth his staffe
Many theyr oethes wound he gaffe
wth great strenght and much payng
He came to sir murdure of almayne

and

And all on horse and he late there
Under his arme he gan hym bere
Than began Murdurs men for to hye
To rescowe him that he should not dye
The kyng of Scotland with his rout
Beset aseparte rounde about
And than sye Beuis and sir Sabere
Came to with their powere
And slew all that wolde stande
To the number of thye thousande
And maugre if they had twosyne
Murdure was to the castell bozne
The kyng of Scotland was than beset
whan he sawe murdure to the castell set
and all his men nye done synye
He turned than his backe as syte
Than they wolde no lenger abyde
But slew them done on every syde
Sye Beuis and sye Sabere
Chased them with theyr powere
and so fast folowed he
That many fledde into the see
and they that stode hym agayne
They were all mayned or slayne
Some theyr hankes by the knee
And some quartered in thye
Some theyr nose and some theyr lippe
The kyng of Scotlande had a myppe
And fledde away forthe by the west
To the place that lyked him best
Beuis and Sabere turned agayne
Into the castell glad and fayne

For Bevis without any let
Made a caudyon on the fyre he let
Full of pyche and of hymstone
a woyle deth was neuer none
whan the caudyon boyled harde
Murbour was cast in the midwarde
that deth deth he lecherly
for the deth of good fyr Cup
thereof heard the countesse
that sir murdure dede was
she stode above in a shoue
so to she was of her Murbours
that she felt dawns and broke her necke
I beherw him that therefore doth reche
Whan sir Bevis tidinges herde
Of his mother how she fared
as soyr was he for her
as he was for his stepfathre
Sone after fyr Bevis
Come to South hampton is
To take possession of his landes
That had bene longe out of his handes
The burgesles with much pryde
Agaynst fyr Bevis gan they ryde
And brought fyr Bevis fays and well
To hampton to his owne castell
Of Hampton all the baronage
Came and dyd Bevis homage
than was Bevis glad and fayne
that he had his enemies dayne
than Bevis the sothe to sayne
Wende after the byshop of Coleyrne

that

That would for any thyng
 To be at his weddyng
 When the byshope was theder come
 Two knyghtes had Josian nome
 To churche than they her ledde
 The bishope him selfe on the hoke redde
 And to beuis was wedded byue
 To the endyng of here lyue
 Nowe hath Beuis recovered his state
 Two children by her he gate
 The first night together in fere
 As ye shall afterwarde here
 Sabere counseyled him there
 To go to London to kyng Edgars
 For to make him homage as reason woulde
 For this landes to chalenge and holde
 So Beuis dyd after counseylynge
 And went forth befoze the kyng
 And profered him to do homage
 As it fell for his heritage
 King Edgar asked him what he myght
 And what he claymed for his ryght
 So he sayde my name is Beuis
 The Erledum of Hampton it is
 After my father sayd Guy
 That was slayne for his lady
 Wyth sayd Mordure of almayne
 And thanked be god he is slayne
 Beuis sayde to the kyng I holde me payde
 I graunte all that thou hast sayde

D. i.

his

His marshall take the kyng in hande
And sayde deliuer me thy wande
For I? Guy his father was my marshall
And I? Beuis his sonne be shall
The parde to the kyng Beuis taketh
And his marshall be hym maketh.

Beuis is nowre of great might
Beloned both with kyng and knight
Eche man both erle and baron
Loved and dyeded Beuis of Hampton
For largely wold he spende
And gyfte both gyue and sende
To every man after state
No man had cause him to hate
He was so courtesye and so hynde
That every man was his frende
Hauing I? Bapyn of Cornwalle
He hated Beuis without faule
For Beuis had these off. res
That some wyne were his
In somer at whitson tide
Whan knyghtes molle on hoxbacke ryde
A cours let they make on a daye
St. des and palstaptes for to assaye
Which hoxles that best may ren
Ther myles the cours was then
Who that might ryde shoulde
Hau. rr. li. of redy golde
For Beuis was apayde well

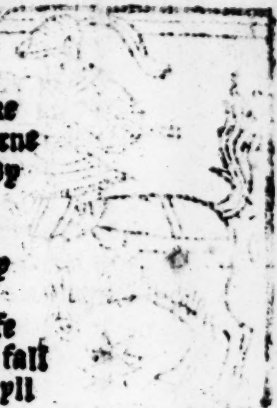
For muche he trusted in arundell
On the moztowe when it was light
Thyder came both baron and knight
With fayre sledes and muche pryde
That on that cours wold ryde
Two knyghtes were stolen befoze
A large half myle and more
That none of their felowes wote
Beuis with the spurres the hourse smote
On arundell so layth the boke
Amyd the way beuis them ouertoke
And had ryden the course within a whyle
Or he thought he had ryden a myle
Awe hith Beuis the treasure wonne
Through arundell that well had runne
Wherfoze woth that and other cattell
He made the castell of arundell
The hourse greatly was prayed in that case
For both swifte and lusty he was
The king sonne and his heyre
Thought the hourse both goos and fayre
And to hyr Beups than he pede
And prayed him to geue him his sleds
As sayde Beuis for no golde
But aske me els what he would
At your wyll you shall it haue
But arundell do ye not craue
For any prayer that they might pray
Shall I not geue arundell away
The kynges son sawe it was no bonte
Of arundell any lenger to mote

D.ii.

without

without any more fable.
He went into syz beuis stable
For he woulde the hofse bntye
And whan he came fomtowhat to mye
That Arundell also hote
with his hinderfote he smote
That he fell downe and brake his byrns
So he lay there dead flayne
There was dole and muche wepinge
whan tidinges came to the kynge
Forth with the king veraments
Made to be set his parliament
And began to ordeyne
That syz Beuys shoulde be flayne
and bedaywen with wilde bestes
But his barons would not his helles
They sayd that it ware no skyll
But arundell shoulde be at his wyll
For he slewe thy son so
But nought to beuys may we do
Nay syz sayd beuys for no castell
would I let fle arundell
For he is good in enery were
Yet had I rather englande to forswere
Than spake syz Byran of Coznewayle
Syz this is our counsaile
That ye do one of the two
I assente sayd Beuys tho.
Befoze you all I gyue here
Myne herytage to syz Sabere
Syz beuys dayly nered by the wande
and there he forswore Englande

A fortnight had hee lye in the way
 For to wend in the night he was
 And ye afterwarde might be founde
 He shoulde be taken and fast bounde
 On this manere they were at one
 And to Hampton he rode anon
 and together tolde he thore
 Of the case both lesse and more
 It is no longer but hence to moze
 For here no longer may we so tourne
 Beuis and Josian made them redy
 And there leste for to sepe
 Saberes sonne that hight Terry
 Beuis toke with him for company
 Escaparte that false thefe
 For him Beuis was in much greife
 He thought I dwell here without fall
 I get nought els but great trauayll
 And I might by termagaunte
 Bring Josian to mambzaunte
 ful welcome shuld I be the kinge vntyll
 And haue prough at my wyll
 This escaparte false was he
 For Beuis was fall in puerle
 Whan a man in puerle is fall
 few frendes meteth he withall.



How beuis & sayre Josia toke their waye
 into a straunge lande, & howe she trauayled
 in a forrest & was deliuered of two chyldren.
 And howe escaparte & false feloun after her
 delpyerance came and bare her awaye &

D.iii.

after

after that lord Bevis came to a
great tussling and tournaments,
and won the
pryce.



Now Bevis and Josian forth gan ride
Tyll they came to a forest syde
and Josian that was so myde
In that wodde traunpleyde with chylde
Bevis and Terry dothone gan light
and with their swozdes a lodge gan dight
and brought Josian therein
For they could no better gyn
By Bevis gan hit service bede
For to helpe her at her nede
She thanked him and sayde nay
For goddes loue go hens away
So and plays you with Terry

and

and let me trooke and our lady
 Shall neuer womans pruitte
 To man be shewed for me
 Benis and terry forth went there
 For they wolde not her payne here
 and ascaparte toke another waye
 On treason thought the thesye
 after that benis was gone her fro
 She was deliuered of children two
 when ascaparte harde that cas
 That Josian deliuered was
 To the lodge wente he there
 And Josian away dyd bere
 There might no prayer her bozowe
 I wonder her harte bruste not for sorowe
 For he swoze by Termagatane
 He wolde her lede to Wambraunte
 when Benis had there longe taried
 Agayne to the lodge he hym hied
 In the lodge found he no mo
 But yong and small chyldren two
 Than wilt he not what to saie
 Than he sawe Josian was awaye
 Alas than sayd benis
 Ascaparte hath done treason ywys
 For Benis fell doone in payne
 And for Terry dyd hym uphaunte
 When for Benis sawe no better would be
 His pallner than toke he
 And lapped the two chyldren therein
 For they were somdel of his kyn
 Malnger than wolde he abyde

He toke his chyldren and forth gan ryde
To foster in the towre he mette
Syz Bevis asked and sayde him grette
Felow sayd Bevis than
Saw thou ought of such a man
Lede a woman by any waye
Syz sayd the foster naye
What maner of man arte thou bachelor
Syz he sayde I am a foster
Wylte thou Bevis sayde Christen the childe
Do christen heron gethon childe
But right now is tyme to go
Ful erly it hath the mother loyne
And kepr it but this seven yere
For ten markes haue it here
Gladly sayd the foster the
He toke the childe and the sturme also
And sayd what shall I call him syz buyghte
Guy he sayd as my father bighte
And whan he is seven yere
Of eche lande he then inquire
after Bevis of Hampton
My name is so by my crowne
and bzing the childe then to me
and well rewarded that thou be
Gladly syz he sayd towe
He went his waye and Bevis his
Forth the rode so sayth the boke
another man they oure toke
and asked what maner of man was he
He sayde a synner of the is

and

And Beuis with good semblaunce
 Made with him the same covenant
 That he should on the same manere
 His other son kepe this tenon yere
 The fyther graunted as Beuis sayde
 He toke the childe and helde hym payde
 After home selfe in that twhyle
 He christened the childe and byght hym myle
 Forth rode Beuis by dale and dowe
 Tyll he came to a castrell towne
 He toke his yvre as a courtes knight
 And fast to his supper he hym dyght
 At a window beuis looked out
 He saw in the strete all about
 Stedes trapped fayre and bright
 Dukes and Erles many a knight
 Out of the wyndowes on every syde
 Armes were hanged fayre and wyde
 Harodes gap the armes loone elerpe
 And theroof beuis marueyled greatly
 And asked his host thereof tidings
 Spoke he sayde harde yon nothinge
 Of the great tusting that shall be
 To morowe here in this cite
 The Dukes doughter and his hope
 She is a mayden good and fayre
 Her father is now nere dead
 Therfore is geuen her to red
 A great tustynge for to cry
 That he that may haue the maystry
 Shall this mayde haue to mede

p. 1.

And

And her lande to gylde and lede
Howe sayde Venus to terry
Shall we iust for that lady
Yes sayde terry God forbide els
If it were fought as he vs telles
Venus gaue that man for his tidings
Of grotes twynny thylling
On the morowe whan it was day lyght
Than arose both squyer and knight
Fayre tokens they gan on them thow
wher by the lady shoulde them knowe
Syr Brits and syr terry
Armed them full hastely
Syr Venus bare of colours paymante
A rede Lyon of golde rampaunte
And forth he rode terry and he
they dede by the iustynge shoulde be
the fayre lady Elynoure
ouer the castell laye that bore
And the iustynge she behelde
what knyght bare hym beste in the feeld
than these knyghtes began for to ride
Eche to other on every side
the first knight that Venus rode agayne
whas the Emperours sonne of Almayne
And Venus to hym bare to fallye
that horse and man to the grounde he caste
the Erle Florens forth gan thynge
Agaynst syr Venus with great hastyng
and beuys mette with him in that felde

and hit hym in the middes of his shilde
That two lande brode and moze
He cast him from his horse thoze
Then came forth the Duke Anthonye
He was Duke of Burgoyne
He was stronge and of great pyre
And thus he sayde to syr Beuis
Turne the he sayde and make defence
For I wyll auenge the Erie Florens
Then Beuis wolde no longer abyde
But smote arundell vnder his syde
So that eyther to other droue
That theyz thastes all to rouse
But syr Beuis so harde to him thrust
That his shulder bone all to bust
Therefore he was greued sore
For that dape he might iust no moze
and there rote forth the syr terry
To the kinges brother of Hungry
Terry gaue hym such a rebuone
That bothe horse and man fell dolow
Then com the Erie Hamant
And to syr terry he made assant
And terry hit him in middes of his helde
And bare him quite into the filde
There was no knight redyly
That might withstande Beuis and terry
But all the knyghtes for enye
Beuis and terry they dyd deye
and full nozowe they them sought

¶.ii.

But

But beuis of Hampton spared them noight
 The Stewarde of the same lande
 Beuis caste downe in the middes of þe lande
 And thankefough the lady Elmoze
 For the booke that he made befoze
 And many beuis bare throughtout
 So that they stode in great doute
 They stinted neuer till it was nyght
 That they wanted the day light
 That they ceased their playnge
 and on the morowe they herde syndryng
 That all the prayse and all the renoune
 was giuen to Beuis of south Hamptowne
 Dame Elmoze would not blyne
 Tyll Beuis was brought to her ynne
 She sayde Beuis by my counsaile
 Thou shalt me wedde without faile
 Epyther to other terme of lyfe
 Nay sayde Beuis I haue a wyfe
 He tolde howe she was taken hym fro
 Nowe she sayde sythe it is so
 Thou shalt all this seuen yere
 Be my lord in cleue manere
 And if thou fynde her not by than
 I wyll the haue befoze any man
 The beste nexte beuis not for thy
 That was the good knyght sʒ ferrý
 and loke beuis if I saue shyll
 Dame he sayde I holde me there tyll
 and thus was beuis her gouernour
 and led that lande in great honoure
 As Sabere slepe a nyght in bedde

Bym

Him thought that beuis was belsedde
 with ascaparte that was his swayne
 That he had sye beuis slayne
 whan he waked his harte was colde
 His dreame to his wyfe he tolde
 Sir she sayde as I wene
 Beuis is brought in some tene
 As I trowe sir by my lyfe
 He hath eyther lost chyldre or wyfe
 Through ascaparte that falle thefe
 Beuis is brought in some grese
 Than sayd Sabere I shall seke that sye
 Twelue knyghtes he dyd styre
 In palmers wede by saynt John
 Well armed euery chone
 All were armed sure and well
 Both in yren and stele
 Forth they went both more and lesse
 Till they came to hethenesse
 whan Iolian was nere at Hambzaunte
 Jesu chyst be her waraunt
 She mette Sabere in the bylage
 and sayd palmer in her langage
 I praye pou of socoure and reed
 Certes Iolian sayd Sabere
 It lyketh me well that ye are here
 For of pou madame veramente
 I shall make beuis a present
 Than was he a greued with ascapart
 For the assapled him full harde
 They hym beset on euery syde

D.iii.

But

But there told none his dinte abide
From his stroke awaye they did thone
And ferte agayne as knyghtes anon
And gaue him great strokes and soze
As one was here an other thore
and as he smote after a knight
Syz Sabere ranne to him full right
and with a swerde without dout
He bare a scape throughtout
and he fell depe to the grounde
Gladz was Josian in that stounde
Syz Sabere toke Josian than
That was as white as any swan
Her body that was so fayre and gent
He noynted with an oyntment
and made her so seme yelowe and grene
That befoze was so fayre and thene
That no man shulde take her him fro
Therfoze discoloured her so
And sothen Beuzs they sought
Bat ridinges of him found they nought
That wyl be founde, founde shalbe
On a daye they wente throught a cete
And let Josian to her ynne
And he wente for the some meate to wyne
Sabere wente to the castell gate
And mette his sonne Terry therat
He prayed him in the honoure of the roode
that he wolde gine him some good
Terry behelde him as bliue
And sayde Baluer so may I thpue
There shall no meate be for the to bere

for thou arte lyke my father Sabere
Sabere sayde by goddes grace
So thy mother sayd I was
Whan terry sawe it was he
He ranne to him with hert fre
and kissed him and asked his father
What made him to come thyder
Sabere sayd son thou shalt se
What thinge I haue brought with me
Forthe they wente together in fere
Till they came to the ynne of syz Sabere
Then Sabere and terry with good entente
Washed away the oymtmente
fayre and well they her dight
And brought her to the castell ryght
And toke her than to Beuis in honde
There came neuer to him suche a sonde
than came the fither and the foster
with there chyldren cleve
And for they helde Beurys couenaunte right
He made eche of them a knight
And than wedded syz terry
Of that land the fayr lady
there was a ryche feckly wyf
On euery syde ioye and blys.

This begyneth a newe tydynge
Of King Foure and Ermyne kynge
Bytwene them gen they batayle take
and all whis for Iosians sake
A Palmer tolde Beuis therof tydings
and syz Beuis all hyenge

Sento

Sente after great chynalry
Of doughty knyghtes and hardy
That he had knowen befoze
and all they to him swoze
Whan Beuis gadred his company
He toke his lefe of sir Terry
and Terry profered with hym to go
But Beuis sayde he shoulde not so
Saber thy father shall wende with me
If I haue nede I shall sende to the
Guy and myles to bozle gan dight
With Galwoz the swozdes for to fyght
and Beuis with all his company
Went hym forth to armony
Of his comyngh the kyng was blythe
And cryed hym mercy an hundred lye
And sayde if thou wylte forgyue it me
I wyl be chyltenid for the loue of the
On that couenaunt Beuis gan him kis
that they be accorded ywys
without any other dome
Beuis sente to the bisshope of Rome
that he shoulde send his clerkes good
Saber them bisshopped or they yode
That they might with their clergie
Chrysten the lande of armonye
For the kinges graunte they had
the bisshope if herde and he was glad
And hath sent after his sawe
Clerkes that worre wyle in the lawe
they chyltened king Cernyn to their hande
And sythen all the people of that lande

In many a place Beuys gan wyrtche
 Abbeys and many a goodly chyrche
 So was fyrst the land of armony
 Throughe Beuys chapyllened truly
 Kyngge Jour hard of that lande
 That Beuis was come to hande
 A great hoost made he tho
 Fozty thousand sarafyns and mo
 And to Armony went he then
 and there began to robbe and byen
 whan Beuys herde that he was come
 a greate hoost he dyd them nome
 And rode kyngge Jour agayne
 wyth all his power might and mayne
 It was a fayre sight to them that behelde
 whan bothe parties mette in the felde
 The felde shone wonderous bryght
 wyth ballekettes that were lyght
 But sone after they were all other
 whan bothe the hoostes were togyther
 On the bothe partyes the romayne says
 They shote arrowes wyth bowes turkays
 Quarrels wyth alblasters and kest stones
 There was a dolefull syght for the nones
 for arrowes there was great plente
 There might not one hoost another se
 wyth swozdes bryght that well can byte
 Eche man on other gan smyte
 But whan they handled bothe in same
 There was ernest and no game
 And Beuys wyth Hozglay cryed so
 That all that he hit he smote in two

Q. i.

The

The sarasins gan beuis to desyre
and came thicke aboute him redely
therwith he was wel-apayde and loughbo
On euery side he them downe sloughs
So many he slew in that fight
To his styrope they lay byright
He rode forth whan he him leste
and there he slew as many este
Sabere his eme though he were olde
He shewed that he was stronge and bolde
He slew befoze him ten or twelue
Tyll he came to the kinge him selue
And in the maugre of mahouns
He bare the kinge a downe
Than sarasyns folowed on a heape
To king Iour sone they lepe
And with force hozed him agayne
and all at ones on sabere they layne
Beuis saw Sabere was in doubte
and pyced forth among the route
And him rescowed in that stoure
And him selfe yode to king Ioure
And let him forth all with force
And betoke sir Sabere his horse
and had him into the stoure
And presented Crumpe wyth kyng Ioure
Sabere led hym all quicke
the sarasins folowed him full thicke
But such strakes gaue them sy? Beuis
That king Iour theder led is
For ought that they might do
whan they sawe they fled so

Now

Nowe wyll he no longer abyde
Beuis and his men after gan ryde
And made after them so hard a chase
That ten thousande slayne he hase
Many a knight in that felde
When might is deed vnder they; helde
And many a sarasine that daye
With their deth woundes they wente awaye
Many stedes men might there be
Without maysters awaye did he
And many a sarasyn men might a herde
Curse Mahound they were so ferde
Whan sy; Beuis had made that chase
He came agayne with great solace
and sy; Beuis right anon
Made caste kynge Ioure in pylson
Kynge Ioure prayed Beuis tho
That he might make raunson and go
and for his raunson yf he wolde
Twenty sommers of reby golde
And thye hundzeth beddes of sylke
And hundzeth stedes as tohyte as mylke
and hundzeth cuppes of golde syne
and as many of musculine
All this raunsome I wyll the gyue
If thou wylte nowe let me lyue
Beuis said, make thy seruaunt hether it bying
And I shal saue thy lyfe sy; kynge
So muche dyed I not thee
But I had liuer haue thy treasure than thee
Than was kynge Ioure sayne
There after to send his chamberlayne

D. ii.

and

And he brought it forth out betwixt
And for his kynge he did it paye.

Of kinge Your let we be
and of kynge Ermine speke we
That should passe out of his lyfe
And sent after his sonne belyue
for Bevis was Gypes eldest sonne
Upon his head he set the crowne
And made him kynge of armory
And soone after hachely
Dyed kyng Ermine the hende
To heauen mote his soule wende
To sye Bevis came Sabere thare
And toke his leue home to fare
To England wolde he as blyue
To his childzen and his wyfe
Bevis had him tary veramente
Sabere wolde not but home wense
Nowe is kyng Your in Hambrante
And swereth by Mahounde & termagaunts
That he wolde him well auaunce
That might sle with any chaunce
Good arundell with some treason
From Bevis of Southe Hamptone
And we might fro Bevis arundell sle
I trowe men might with him dele
There was a thefe that hyght Robon
A quant knaue and stronge felon
And he vnder toke the maystry
And went forth to armory

with

Wyth his charyte and wyth his craft
 arundell from treys he brasse
 And brought hym to Hambraunte touse
 and presented him to kyng Ioure
 Than was the king well apayde
 That Beuis was so betrayde
 too was Beuis the sothe to saye
 whan he missed arundell awaye
 as Sabere slept in the night tyde
 He thought he sawe Beuis ryde
 and arundell downe hym caste
 and two of hys rybbes there he baste
 whan he waked he was afrayde
 and to his wife his dreme he sayde
 Syr the sayd ye do wzonge
 ye dwell from Beuis all to longe
 By him that was of Mary bozne
 I trowe he hath his horse forlozne
 Syr Sabere for syr Beuis sake
 Burdon and scripppe gan he take
 and went forth with good semblaunte
 Tyll he came to Hambraunte
 Thyder he went for to espye
 And left the lande of armonye
 Syr Sabere came by a ryuere
 When do beestes water there
 Syr Sabere sawe there as he abode
 On arundell how Robian rode
 Now thought Sabere by heuen kyng
 True is now my dremynge
 felowe he sayd so Christ me rede

D. iii.

This

This may well be called a fiede
He is well bysted without doubt
Good felow turne the aboute
and as he turned him there
Up behinde lepte syz sabere
He smote to deth the thefe Robon
With the end of his tronchon
and wold no longer there abyde
The sarasyns to the court gan ryde
and the king gan they tell
How one was fozth on arundell
Than arole the crye in the citie
That they should after hys
They rode after fast in bande
To the nombze of thye thousande
And full narow him beset
Jokan rode in a turrett
And the folke beheld the well
And how one came riding on arundell
Unto the hall she bled her downe
Syz she sayd wpythout the towne
Commeth one riding hyon your fiede
Certes she sayd he is in great dyede
He is harde beset all aboute
Wpyth men of armes a great rouse
wolde god sayd beuis a whyple him saue
Socour sone should he haue
Syz on horse was syz Guy
Syz myles his bzother and syz Terry
And syz beuis fast hted he
With all the knightes of that citie
He bled him fast in that stoure

and

And brought sabers good succour
and slewe the sarasins downe right
That none of them scape might
Good game had Sabere to sene
Howe the laye spawynge on the grene.

Up dinges came to king Ioure
That his men were slayne in Ioure
He made to sende hastely
after his brother the kyng of Surry
and tolde him how his men were dced
and asked him counsell and recd
I shall the say quod Bradwyne
Thou arte holden a noble sarasyns
In paup nor in Bethenelle
Is none to the of doughtynesse
Therefore I counsaile you so
Ye do the batayle betwene you two
and make redy thy fauchowne
and make the sacrifice to Mahowne
That he sende the over bande
and forsooth I vnderstande
That thou shalt a conquerour be
and we wyl all wende with the
and stande with the we wyl the whyle
and helpe the in thy perple
Now sayo king Iour I assente
and than smartly forthe they wente
and made Mahowne sacrifice
with all the sarasines that were wyle
and all they prayed withouten mys

That

That there king might be saued from beuis
whan the kyng had so done
To arme hym he went right sone
And went forth to Ermony
wyth thre thousand men hardy
Soone had Beuis tydynge then
Of kyngs Joure and his men
He toke wyth him his sonnes two
Sabere and terry and other mo
And rode to kyngs Joure agayne
whan Joure sawe Beuis he was fayne
And sayd to beuis I vnderstande
why be ye come into this lande
For ye rauysched me of my wyfe
and sythe berefte my men their lyfe
Therefore haue I taken counsaile
Betwene vs to holde batayle
And if thou me sle by termagaunte
I graunt to the, the lande of Hambrante
And if I the sle not for thy
Wylt thou graunt me armony
Beuis graunted as he had tolde
And vndertoke the batayle holde
Into a place thry gan ryde
Enclosed with water on euery syde
They drew their swordes hastely
And smote together wyth great enuy
Their sheldes were bruisd that thry bare
Their helmes creased their browes tare
Togither they went another way
And Beuis hit Joure with Hozglay

That

That a! his helme he gan downe passe
 There men might se his head bare
 And a quarter of his helde
 Fell downe into the felde
 Horse and man he gan downe dzyue
 and fell to the grounde and that belyue
 Up lept kyng Ioure and rode
 And cryed on Whahounde as he were wode
 and smote to Beuis with a faucholone
 That beuis of arundell lighted downe
 And right in Beuis downe lightinge
 Ioure him smot without lesinge
 A boue sir beuis helme o-
 hat the crest downe gan flye
 and bzofed the helme in sonder
 Syr Beuis kneled and that was wonder
 Sir beuis than was greued soze
 Up he lepte without any moze
 And gaue kinge Iour such a cloufe
 That he neuer rose after without doubte
 The saralines were two in that sounde
 whan they sawe Ioure deade on the ground
 That he shoulde neuer after rise ne go
 Therfoze they were full sozy and wo
 The other people for fere wolde haue fled
 But Guy and myles in that stede
 Slew them moze and lesse
 Or they myght the water passe
 And some they drenche in that stode
 There was none that quicke agayne rode
 Sir beuis of purneyaunce
 He toke kinge Ioures countenaunce

And made them it hyon them throlwe
That no man might from Four him knowe
a great power with him toke he
and went to mambryaunte that cite
Whan they within the toure
Saw the compyng of king Four
all they were glad and fayne
And opened the gates him agayne
and beuis into the cite gan ryde
wyth much ioye and great pryde
and thzough that quaryt gynne
That riche cite gan they wyne
And made them all become his men
and did him homage then
and they cursed their matremety
and beleued in God and our lady
And toho that wolde not do so
Immediatly he did them slo

NOwe is Beuis kinge of the lande
That somtime kyng Four had in hāde
Josian that is so bryghte and chene
Twylf therof he hath bene quene
Beuis and Sabere ypon a day
With halwkes & houndes went them to play
as they came by a ryuer
Soone they mette a messenger
He asked of them after a knight
That is Sabere was called by right
anone Sabere gan forth spyrynge

and

And sayd messenger what tidings
 Syz he sayd Edgare our kinge
 Thzough his Stewardes counseyling
 He hath disherited thine heyre
 Certes sayd Sabere that is not fayre
 He rode to Beuis and told him tho
 and asked him leue to go
 Syz Beuis answered as a knight hende
 Sabere he sayde with the I wyll wende
 Iospan Myles and syz Guy
 and my newewe syz Terry
 Therof was syz Sabere glad
 for great power with him sir Beuis had
 and so wente they forth to Englands
 wyth men of armes ten thousande
 And sayled forth to Southe Hamptowne
 with many knightes of great renowne
 Saberes wyfe and Roberte his heyre
 They welcomed them full fayre
 Sabere asked them tidinges at hande
 Syz sayd Roberte oure lande
 Hath the king arested withoute fayle
 Thzough Byrans counsaile of Coznewaile
 And holdeith hem at his Stewardes reede
 for arundell smote his sonne to deade
 Than sayd Beuis by God on lyue
 We wyll thether also blyue
 Beuis rode thether wyth lytle hoost
 At Putneth he leste his hoost
 That is from London myles thre
 and there he leste his company

R.ii.

and

And rode to London his seine
No man with him but knyghtes swelme
He went forth to king Edgare
and asked him why and in what maner
He had disherited sir Iaber
And hys sonne that is his heyre
I deluetered him mine heritage
Here befoze your baronage
The king said to him right sone
Sir beuis if ought he misdone
It shalbe amended in parlament
With erles and barones at our assent
Al knyghtes that wer there
To sir beuis they made good there
Saue sir Brian that foule him befall
He was his molte foe of all
Sir Iayd Brian to the kinge
How is this awonders thinge
that this forbanished swayne
Is com to england agayne
with skylle to shal him hange and drabe
For he is a traytour agaynst the law
The kinge wolde haue pardoned Beuis:
But the sales steward sayd nay ywis
Beuis rode forth both wroth and wode
and answered nether yl nor good
But toke his pynne within the towne
and at his meat he late him downe
Sir Brian than wente forth he
and made a crye throughe the citie
Althose that armer mygh here
and fought with helde and spere

that

That they shoulde arme them anone
 For to take the kinges sone
 than were al the gates plocken
 windows and dozes fast were stoken
 Chaynes were drawn in euery stete
 to let spy Beuis ye may well wete
 whan sir Beuis herde that treason
 Up he lepte as a Lyon
 and well armed him tho
 And bad his men they shoulde go
 To putneth by water away
 And to my sonnes nowte ye say
 that they hye them hether blyus
 If they will haue me on lyue
 For whyles I fight here withoute
 Hape ye go without doubte
 Beuys lepte vpon arundell
 He had no lenger leyser to dwell
 The furst that he mette without fayle
 Was spy Bryan of Coznetwale
 He hath with him a great route
 And beset Beuis rounde aboute
 and to spy Beuis sayde Bryan
 Courne the as thou arte a man
 Thou arte an olde knyght of warre
 And to sir beuis he bare a spere
 So harde to beuis he droue
 That his helde all to roue
 Spy beuis hoked and behelde
 How the Newwarde had broken the helde
 Certes sayd beuis now wyll I symple
 B.iii. Glad

Glad woulde I be that deede so quyte
 Beuis smote arundell vnder the lyde
 And with good Morglay in that tyde
 He hit syz Brian on the crowne
 That to the saddell he cloue him downe
 And sir Beuis stered him so in that stounde
 That two hundzeth he cast to the grounde
 And rode furth into byed strete
 Many Lumbardes there gan he mete
 and assayled Beuis wonders faste
 On euery side hz them downe caste
 Sir Beuis had bene in many a lande
 And many a battayle had in hande
 yet was he neuer so carefull a man
 In no battayle as he was than
 Syz Beuis defend him well inough
 Many he felled and many he slough
 On euery side downe he them caste
 And pricked forth among ful faste
 Tyll he came to the Chepe
 There he founde many men on a hepe
 Than agayne began the fight
 Betwene the Citie and the knyght
 Than sayd sir Beuis that was so good
 To the folke that there stode
 I rede that ye vnlocke the gate
 And let me escape oute therat
 For if I were slayne here within
 Lttle worzship shoulde ye wyne
 And all agaynst him gan they crye
 yelde the Beuis oz thou shalt dye
 Than fought Beuis as he were wode

And

And bathed Morglaye in their blode
Sire hundred men he felled to the ground
Yet had he neyther wemme ne wounde
But muche bloude of that man
Through swete of his body can
Than dreyne towarde the night
The people were redy ever to fyght
Than began arundell his rede
To helpe sir Beuis at his nede
By twenty fote on euery syde
Durst no man that hoise abyde
And so lasted then the fight
Betwene them all a somers night
Sir Beuis knightes I vnderstande
To putneth brought their sonde
that Beuys sonnes shoulde hve them blyue
If they wold haue their father on lyue
Whan Josian herde them speke of Beuis
In a swootone fallen he is
Syr Myles her sonne and syr Guy
toke her by certepny
Sonne he sayd what is your reed
for certes your father is dede
the best rede that I can
Is that we sle hengs every man
Ray sayd Myles we well not soo
And byng him good socoure
If he be living in that stoure
And if that he slayne be
we wyll destroye all the cite
On armes Lordinges gan they crye

Soone

None that ye were all redy
My Gyfe bestrode a run bryght
He was heuy and nothing lyght
Sir Beuis with his otone hande
wanne it in the holy lande
And a noble swoorde gan he take
That was ones sy Lancelottes dulake
And miles had Durandall in his hande
That somtime ought Rowlande
His hoxle was as swifte as a swalowe
There might no hoxle him folow
Shyppes toke they that ryde
And ouer the Temmes gan they ryde
and brought with them to the cite
Ten thousande of knyghtes fre
They came in at the waters syde
wyth much foye and great pryde
At Ludgate they gan aryue
And flew al that they found on lyue
Certes lordinges as I you saye
By than sprange the lyght of the daye
Sir Beuis was so wery in that fight
That bnnethes he might set vpright
There dwelled a lumbarde in the towne
A doughty man of great renowne
And he had gadered a great hoost
and rode forth with muche hoost
And in his hand a good sauchotone
That was made of stele bytowane
and forth he pycked to sir Beuis
And sayde wylte thou aske no trewes
And than anone with his sauchotone

He hit Bevis upon his croone
 That Bevis forspyntenes layde him lowe
 and leaneþ upon his sadell botwe
 That sawe Bevis son syz Guy
 and came pyckynge with great enuy
 with his sworde drawn in his hande
 and to the Lumberde he sente his sande
 So harde on his head he it set
 That through helme and basenet
 Man and horse in that stounde
 He smote a sonder to the stounde
 The poynthe on the pavemente glente
 That the fyre out after wente
 Syz Bevis for that stroke lough
 and good comforte to hym broughte
 He thanked god omnipotent
 that him helpe from heven sente
 and arundell for tope myghed right
 and helpeþ Bevis for to fyght
 Syz Bevis turned him in that towyle
 and sawe his other son syz Wyple
 Came pyckynge with a great rouse
 with many armed men him aboute
 He nedeth neuer after a seke lethe
 that syz Wyple myght over reche
 When myght here crownes creake
 whan syz Bevis lones vengaunce gan take
 So hardy they gan togyther mete
 that the bloud ranne in every strete
 So many men there was dead
 the Chepe syde was of bloud read
 For there was Rayns I vnderstand

S. i.

Co

To the number of thyrty thousande
Through the false Newardes read
And yet he was the first dead
It is sonly without lesyng
Of falshe cometh neuer good endyng
In every strete men might se
Men in great payne to dye
Hedes quartered with the thees
Shankes cut of by the knees
Handes and armes both cut out
Hedes with helmes tryng about
Dead bodyes quartered in thye
That it was great pitie for to se
Whan beuis his enemies had destroyed
Unto putneth he him hied
Josian was neuer so fayne
As whan the same beuis agayne
Beuis toke Josian full soone
and to South Hampton they came anon
There he thought without fayle
To bidde the kinge batayle

Howe the kynge toke frewes with Beuis
and wedded hys doughter to Hyles
and made hym Lorde of Corn-
walle the whyche longed
to syr byran the kings
Newarde whiche sir
Beuis sitte in
the cytye of
London.

Edinges



Tydinges came to kinge Edgare
 Of all the fightinge that was thare
 Kyng Edgare dyd full rightes
 Sende after Celes barons and knyghtes
 And tolde them thzough his Dewardes reed
 That all his men were thus deed
 I am nowe an olde man
 and beuis muche of warre can
 He came hether from ferre
 With great power on hyin to werre
 Two sones he hath with me bzought
S.ii, Therfoze

Therefore lordynge I have great thought
Myles shall take my daughter to wyfe
For to swage all our strepe
And make syr Myles Erle of Cornwaille
That was syr Brian without fayle
All they counsailed hym to do so
A messenger the king sent tho
To Beuis of South Hampton
And bad he should come to London
I wyll that it be ordayned so
To make a louage betwene us two
His son shall wedde my daughter fre
And Erle of Cornwaille shall he be
Now is beuis comen to London thys
And the kinges daughter brought forth she is
And to the churche doze was ledde
And to syr Myles was she wedde
The kyng gaue Myles in spousaile
The Erldome of Cornwaille
There was myght at their spousyng
Turnamente and great iustying
At the spousaile in that manere
The king and beuis late full nere
Nowe wyll beuis home wende
He toke his leue at the kynges so hende
And at the lordes in that whyle
and also at his son syr Myle
and betoke his son to syr Sabere
For he should him teche and lere
Nowe is Beuis gone and syr Guy
Iostan an eke syr Terry
and Beuis lefte them their lande

and

and, before them in goddes hande
 and to Hamptoun Bevis gan fare
 and seuen yere he lyued there
 Than waxed Josian sene and laye
 and bevis also as I you saye
 By Chappes and feres came to them blyss
 Bevis and Josian for to lyue
 Whan Bevis and Josian the good
 Had receyved god in helle and bloud
 Etyher turned to other without booke
 and both they yelded by the ghooke
 Muche sorowe made sye Guy
 There was no vote for that truly
 For all we shal be dead ywys
 whan that Christes wyll is
 Sye Guy than to the stable went he
 arundell his horse for to se
 whan he came there founde he no trace
 for arundell there founde he no trace
 Sye Guy thought manueple the sothe to saye
 for all they died upon a dape
 Sye Guy did ordeyne and make
 for sye Bevis and Josian sake
 a place of religion of pryis
 To synge for Josian and Bevis
 and combed them together in fere
 Kyng and quene as they were
 Jesu Christe in Crinitis
 On ther soules haue merce
 thus endeth Bevis of South Hamptoune
 kyng and knight of great renoune
 and they that haue heard this talkyng

S. iii.

Jesu

**Jesu graunt them good ending
And bryng vs all to heuen blyss
That ouer shall laste and neuer miffe
So to blyss bryng vs be
That for vs died vpon a tre.
Amen,**

Imprynted at lon:

**Don in the bynetre-vpon the thye
Crane wharfe, by William
Coplande,**



